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Clarence King

Clarence King Memoirs

The Helmet of Mambrino

Published for the King Memorial Committee of
The Century Association by G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York and London
1904

Thomas Hunt

Clarence King Memoirs

The Helmet of Mambrino

Published for the King Memorial Committee of
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Published March, 1904

Preface

SHORTLY after the death of the late Clarence King, the Board of Management of the Century Association appointed a Committee to advise in what manner the Club might most fitly take due note of the demise of their distinguished fellow-member.

After some long and disappointing delays it was at last determined to recommend the publication of a King Memorial Book, which should contain a number of personal memoirs, contributed by some of his more intimate friends and associates, together with a reprint of King's short story entitled "The Helmet of Mambrino," which was first published in the *Century Magazine*, in May, 1886.

These efforts have resulted in the publication of the volume here presented, which has been produced under

the direction of the King Memorial Committee, consisting of Edward Cary, John LaFarge, and the undersigned.

The thanks of the Committee are due to Mr. A. F. Jaccaci and Mr. R. Swain Gifford for their many helpful suggestions and friendly participation in the work.

JAMES D. HAGUE,
Chairman.

CENTURY CLUB, March 2, 1904.

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The Helmet of Mambrino

Clarence King

NEW YORK, January 10, 1885.

HORACE F. CUTTER, ESQRE.

My dear friend,—Two years ago in Paris after I had returned from a trip in Spain I wrote you a very long letter and had it covered with a piece of silk taken from an old robe of the time of Cervantes. I put this letter together with an ancient barber's basin of brass, and was on the point of sending them to you. But at the last moment what I had written seemed so lacking in local color, so dull and uninteresting, that I put it one side.

Now my mother has read it and bids me forward it to you. I must only ask you to be gentle with its literary shortcomings and to be careful that it does not by any misadventure get into print.

Wishing you the happiest of New Years and bidding you receive after this long silence the renewed expression of my firm friendship for you, I am

Faithfully yours,

The Helmet of Mambrino*

"How can I be mistaken, thou eternal misbeliever?" cried Don Quixote; "dost thou not see that knight that comes riding up directly towards us upon a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?"

"I see what I see," replied Sancho, "and the devil of anything can I spy but a fellow on such another gray ass as mine is, with something that glitters o' top of his head."

"I tell thee that is Mambrino's helmet," replied Don Quixote.—*Cervantes.*

DEAR DON HORACIO: You cannot have forgotten the morning we turned our backs upon San Francisco, and slowly rambled seaward through winding hollows of park, nor how the mist drooped low as if to hear the tones of fondness in our talk of Cervantes and the Don, nor how the approving sun seemed to send a benediction through the riven cloud-rack overhead.

* By courtesy of The Century Company.

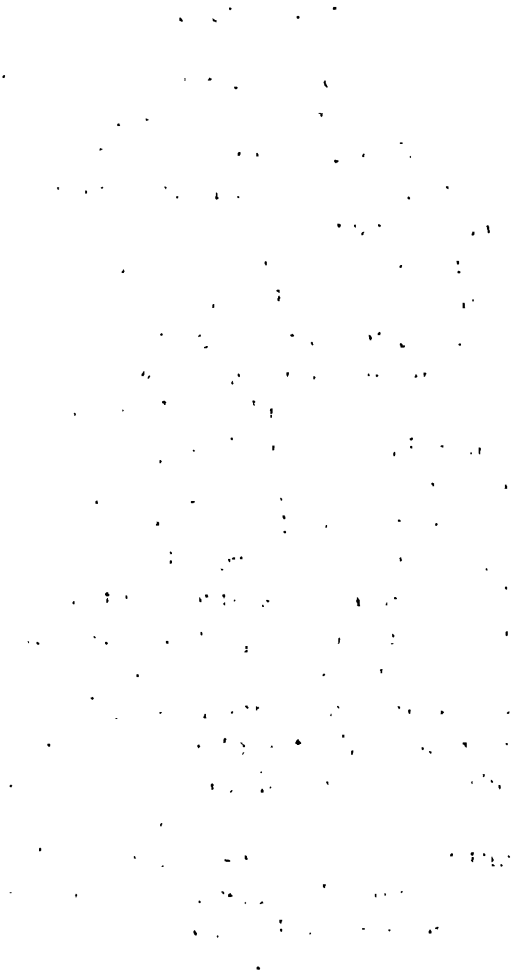
The Helmet of Mambrino

It was after we had passed the westward edge of that thin veneer of polite vegetation which a coquettish art has affixed to the great wind-made waves of sand, and entered the waste of naked drift beyond, that we heard afar a whispered sea-plaint, and beheld the great Pacific coming in under cover of a low-lying fog, and grinding its white teeth on the beach.

Still discoursing of La Mancha, we left behind us the last gateway of the hills, came to the walk's end and the world's end and the end of the Aryan migrations.

We were not disturbed by the restless Aryan who dashed past us at the rate of 2:20 with an insolent flinging of sand, a whirling cobweb of hickory wheel, and all the mad hurry of the nineteenth century at his heels.

For what (we asked one another



as we paced the Cliff-House veranda) did this insatiable wanderer leave his comfortable land of Central Asia and urge ever westward through forty centuries of toilsome march? He started in the world's youth a simple, pastoral pilgrim, and we saw him pull up his breathless trotters at the very *Ultima Thule*, rush into the barroom, and demand a cocktail.

Having quenched this ethnic thirst and apparently satisfied the yearning of ages, we watched him gather up his reins and start eastward again, as if for the sources of the sacred Ganges, and disappear in the cloud of his own swift-rushing dirt.

By the fire in our private breakfast-room we soon forgot him, and you led me again into the company of the good knight.

Even Alphonso must have felt the chivalric presence, for all unbidden he discreetly hispanized our omelet.

The Helmet of Mambrino

Years have gone since that Cervantean morning of ours, and to-day, my friend, I am come from our dear Spain.

As I journeyed in the consecrated realm of Don Quixote, it happened to me to pass a night "down in a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to recollect."

Late in the evening, after a long day in the saddle, we had stopped at an humble posada on the outskirts of an old pueblo, too tired to press on in search of better accommodations, which we believed the town would probably afford. We were glad enough to tie our weary animals to their iron rings within the posada, and fling ourselves down to sleep in the doorway, lulled by the comfortable munching sound of the beasts, and fanned by a soft wind which came fitfully from the south.

The mild, dry night, wherein thin

veils of cloud had tempered the moon light and overspread the vacant plains with spectral shadows, was at length yielding to the more cheerful advance of dawn.

From the oaken bench on which I had slept, in the arched entrance of the posada, I could look back across the wan swells of plain over which my companion and I had plodded the day before, and watch the landscape brighten cheerfully as the sun rose.

Just in front, overhanging the edge of a dry, shallow ravine, stood the ruin of a lone windmill — a breach in its walls rendering visible the gnarled trunk of an old olive-tree, which hugged the shade of the ancient mill, as if safe under the protection of a veritable giant.

Oaken frames of the mill-arms, slowly consuming with dry-rot, etched their broken lines against the soft gray horizon. A rag or two of

stained canvas, all that was left of the sails, hung yellow, threadbare, and moldering in the windless air.

The walls of our doorway seemed visibly to crumble. Here and there lingering portions of stucco still clung to a skeleton of bricks; and overhead, by the friendly aid of imagination, one could see that time out of mind the arch had been whitewashed.

Signs of life one by one appeared. From a fold somewhere behind the posada a small flock of gaunt, lately sheared sheep slowly marched across my narrow field of view.

Single file, with heads down, they noiselessly followed a path faintly traced across the plain, the level sun touching their thin backs, and casting a procession of moving shadows on the gray ground. One or two stopped to rub against the foundation-stones of the mill; and presently all had

moved on into a hollow of the empty land and disappeared.

Later, at the same slow pace, and without a sound of footfall, followed a brown and spare old shepherd, with white, neglected hair falling over a tattered cloak of coarse homespun. His face wore a strange expression of imbecile content. It was a face from which not only hope but even despair had faded out under the burning strength of eternal monotony.

A few short, jerky, tottering steps, and he too was gone, with his crust of bread and cow's horn of water, his oleander-wood staff, and his vacant smile of senile tranquillity.

Then an old, shriveled parrot of a woman, the only other inhabitant of the posada, came from I never knew where, creeping in through the open portal, heavily burdened with an earthen jar of water for our beasts. "*Buenos dias!*" fell in a half-whisper

from her lips, which held a burning cigarette. She too disappeared.

On the other side of the arched entry, against the opposite wall, on an oaken bench like mine, his head to the outer air, asleep on his back, lay my guide and companion, Salazar, — a poor gentleman, humbled by fate, yet rich in the qualities of sentiment which make good men and good friends.

His arms were crossed on his breast, after the manner of those pious personages who lie in their long bronze and marble slumber in church and chapel. His delicate constitution, yielding at last to the wear of time, and now plainly declining, had decreed for him only a narrow margin of life. In a little while, in a few short years, he will lie as he lay that morning in La Mancha, and his countenance will wear the same expression of mingled pain and peace.

I had chosen him as companion for this episode of travel because of his fine, appreciative knowledge of Cervantes, and from his personal resemblance to the type of Don Quixote. He had listened affectionately to my talk of the Bachelor of San Francisco, and joined with zest in my search for a "Helmet of Mambrino," which I hoped to send as a gift to the gentleman by the western sea.

I scanned his sleeping features long and thought him a perfect Spanish picture. How sternly simple the accessories! Only a wall of time-mellowed brick, barred by lines of yellow mortar, and patched by a few handbreadths of whitened plaster! Only a solid, antique bench of oak, weather-worn into gray harmony with an earthen floor! Nothing more!

His ample cloak of dark, olive-colored cloth, reaching from foot to chin, covered him, save for one exposed

hand, completely, and hung in folds to the ground. There was nothing to distract from his face, now thrown into full profile against the rough wall.

Far back over the bald cranial arch, a thin coat of mixed gray and brown wiry hair covered the back of his head, just where it rested on the blue handkerchief he had carefully composed over an improvised pillow. The heavy eyebrow formed a particularly long, high bow, and ended abruptly against a slightly sunken bony temple. The orbital hollow, an unusually large and cavernous bowl, showed beneath the brow a tracery of feeble blue veins; but the closed eye domed boldly up, its yellow lids strongly fringed with long brown lashes. The hooked beak of a well-modeled but large aquiline nose curved down from the brow. Over his always compressed mouth grew a

delicate, grizzled mustache, the ends of which turned up in the old Spanish way. His jaw was refined rather than strong, and bore on his long chin a thin tuft of hair, which grew to a point and completed a singularly chaste and knightly profile. The shallow thinness of his figure, the sunken yellow cheek, and emaciated throat, were all eloquent of decline.

Age, too, recorded itself in the exposed hand, — not so much in its pallor or slenderness of finger, as in the prominence of bony framework, which seemed thrust into the wrinkled muscular covering as into a glove which is too large and much outworn.

These are but material details, and only interesting as the seat and foundation of a fixed air of gentlemanliness, which, waking or sleeping, never left his countenance.

He was, as he slept, the figure of

the dead Quixote,—a gaunt face softened by a patient spirit, an iron frame weakened and refined by lifelong frugality, and now touched by the wintry frosts of age; but, above all, the sleeping mask, with its slightly curled lip, wore an aspect of chivalric scorn of all things mean and low. I watched the early light creep over his bald forehead, and tinge the sallow cheek with its copper warmth, and I marked how the sharp shadow of his nose lay like a finger of silence across his lips.

There lay one of those chance friends, whom to meet is to welcome from the heart, and from whom I for one never part without perplexing wonder whether chance or fate or Providence will so throw the shuttle through the strange pattern of life's fabric, that our two feeble threads will ever again touch and cross and interweave.

Chocolate is the straw at which the drowning traveler catches in the wide ocean of Spanish starvation. Its spicy aroma, with that of a cigarette, announced the coming of the old posadera.

I reluctantly awakened Salazar, and we began the day by each pouring water from an earthen jar for the other's ablutions. From a leathern wallet my companion produced a few dry, crumbled little cakes, and my ulster pocket yielded up a bottle of olives I had brought from Seville. The woman squatted by us and smoked.

While waiting for his boiling beverage to cool, Salazar addressed our hostess. "This American gentleman has in his own country a friend of whom he is exceedingly fond, a certain Don Horacio, who, it seems, is in the habit of reading the adventures of Don Quixote, which you very well

know, señora, happened here in La Mancha. This Don Horacio has never seen one of our Spanish barbers' basins, such as the good Don Quixote wore for a helmet.

"It is to find him an ancient basin that we have come to La Mancha. There were plenty of new ones in Seville and Cordova, but they will not serve. We must have an ancient one, and one from this very land. Do you by chance remember where there is such an one?"

The good woman reflected, while we sipped the chocolate, and ate the cakes and the olives. She threw away the end of the cigarette, and began rolling another. This little piece of manipulation, well known as provocative of thought, was hardly accomplished when she exclaimed:

"*Mira!* I do know the very piece. Come to the door! Do you see that church in ruins? *Bueno!* Just be-

yond is an old posada. The widow Barrilera, with her boy Crisanto, lives there. Poor people put up their beasts there. It used to be a great fonda many years ago, and ever since I was a child an old basin has hung in the patio. It ought to be there now." At this we were much gladdened; for our search all the day before among the villages and hamlets had been fruitless. The posadera was so dumb at the silver we gave her that she forgot to bid us "Go with God!" till we were mounted and moving away from her door toward the pueblo.

A Spanish town, especially in wide, half-waste regions between great cities, sometimes sinks into a slow decline, and little by little gives up the ghost of life; dying, not of sudden failure in the heart or central plaza, but wasting away by degrees around its outskirts, and shrinking

by the slow ruin of block after block inward toward the center of vitality. This form of decay comes at last to girdle the whole town with mounds of fallen wall, vacant squares of roofless masonry, fragments of paved patio, secluded no more by inclosing corridors, but open and much frequented of drowsy goats, who come from their feeding-grounds to sleep on the sun-heated stones.

Here and there a more firmly founded edifice, like a church or a posada, resists the unrelenting progress of destruction, and stands for a few years in lonely despair among the leveled dust of the neighbor buildings.

If a church, it is bereft of its immemorial chimes, which are made to jangle forth the Angelus from some better-preserved tower on the plaza. Owls sail through the open door, and brush with their downy wings the

sacred dust from wooden image of Virgin or Saviour ; till at last the old towers and walls, yielding to rain and wind, melt down into the level of humbler ruin.

The old posadas, while they last, are tenanted by the poorest of the poor. Childless widows too old to work end here in solitary penury their declining days, sister tenants with wandering bats and homeless kids.

Past such an old and dying church Salazar and I rode, following the directions of our hostess and soon drew rein before an old oaken gate in a high wall of ancient masonry. Upon the lintel was rudely cut, as with a pocket-knife, the sign "*Forraje.*" Half the double gate, fallen from its rusty hinges, lay broken and disused on the ground, its place taken by a ragged curtain of woolen cloth, which might once have been a woman's cloak. This, with the half gate

still standing, served to suggest that the ruinous inclosure was to be respected as private ground.

My grave companion alighted from his horse, folded his cloak, which till now he had worn against the morning cold, laid it carefully across his saddle, and knocked very gently; then after a pause, as if to give misery a time to compose its rags, he drew aside the curtain an inch or so, and after peering around the inclosed yard, turned to me with a mysterious smile, laid his finger on his lips, and beckoned to me to look where he pointed.

I saw a large, square, walled inclosure bounded on the right by a one-story house, with a waving, sagging, collapsing roof of red tiles. The left or eastern wall, which rose to a height of twenty feet or so, was pierced by two doorways and several second-story window-openings.

Through these we looked out upon the open plain, for the apartments into which the doorways had once led were ruined and gone.

Over the eastern door was traced the half-faded word "*Comedor*," and over the other "*Barberia.*" Still above this latter sign there projected from the solid masonry an ornamental arm of wrought iron, from which hung a barber's basin of battered and time-stained brass, the morning light just touching its disc of green.

Salazar knocked a little louder, when a cheery, welcoming woman's voice called out, "*Pasen, señores!*" We held aside the woolen curtain, crossed the inclosure, and entered a little door directly opposite the old barberia, scenting as we entered a rich, vigorous odor of onion and garlic.

There are nerves so degenerate,

there are natures so enfeebled, as to fall short of appreciating, as even to recoil from, the perfume of these sturdy esculents; but such are not worthy to follow the footsteps of Don Quixote in La Mancha, where still, as of old, the breath of the cavalier is the savor of onions, and the very kiss of passion burns with the mingled fire of love and garlic.

From a dilapidated brick floor rose the widow Barrilera, a handsome, bronzed woman of fifty, with a low, broad brow, genial, round face, and stout figure; who advanced to meet us, and rolled out in her soft Andalusian dialect a hearty welcome, smiling ardently out of sheer good-nature, and showing her faultless teeth.

It did not seem to have occurred to her to ask, or even consider, why we had come. Our entrance at this early hour created no surprise, no

questioning, not even a glance of curiosity. It was enough for her sociable, affluent good-nature that we had come at all. She received us as a godsend, and plainly proposed to enjoy us, without bothering her amiable old brains about such remote, intricate conceptions as a cause for our coming.

To one of us she offered a stool. to the other a square of sheepskin, and urged us to huddle down with her in the very focus of the garlic pot, which purred and simmered and steamed over a little fire. She remarked in the gayest way that it was still cool of a morning, and laughed merrily when we assented to this meteorological truth, adding that a little fire made it all right, and then beaming on in silence, while she stirred the savory contents of the pot, never varying the open breadth of her smile, till she pursed up her

lips as if about to whistle, and blew on a ladle full of soup till it was cool, when she swallowed it slowly, her soft eyes rolling with delight at the flavorous compound.

"Señora," said my hollow-eyed and hollow-voiced comrade, "the gentleman is a lover of good Don Quixote."

The woman flashed on me a look of curiosity, as who should say, "So is every one. What of that?"

"My friend is *Americano*," continued Salazar.

"*Valgame Dios!*" ejaculated the now thoroughly interested widow. "All the way from Buenos Ayres! No? Then from Cuba, of course! Yes, yes! My father's cousin was a soldier there, and married a woman as black as a pot."

"No, señora, my friend is from another part of America; and he has come here to buy from you the

old brass basin above the barberia door.

Curiosity about America suddenly gave way to compassion.

"*Pobrecito!*" she said in benevolent accents. "You take care of him! He is"—making a grimace of interrogation, arching up her brows, and touching her head—"a little wrong here."

Salazar, with unbroken gravity, touched his own head, pointed to me, and replied, "Perfectly clear!"

"What in the name of the Blessed Virgin does he want of that old basin with a hole in it?" shrugging her fat, round shoulders till they touched her earrings, and turning up the plump, cushiony palms of her hands to heaven.

"It seems very droll, my good woman, does it not?" I interrupted, "but I have in my own country a charming friend whom I love very

much. He is called the Bachelor of San Francisco, and he has never seen a Spanish barber's basin, so I want to carry this as a gift to him. We have no barbers' basins in America."

"*Caramba!*" she exclaimed, "what a land! Full of women as black as coals, and no barbers! My father's cousin had a beard like an Englishman when he came back, and his wife looked like a black sheep just sheared. As to the basin, señor, it is yours."

Then turning to a hitherto unnoticed roll of rags in a dark corner, she gave an affectionate shove with her foot, which called forth a yawning, smiling lad, who respectfully bowed to us, while yet half asleep.

"Crisanto, get down the old barber's basin from the patio, and bring it here!"

In a moment the boy returned with the old relic, but seemed to hesitate before relinquishing it to his

mother, who extended her hand to receive it.

"What are you waiting for, child?" said the woman.

"It is mine. You gave it to me," said the boy bashfully.

"My lad," said Salazar, "we shall give you two silver duros for it."

The boy at once brightened and consented. His mother seized the basin in one hand, a wet rag in the other, and with her toe scraped out some ashes from the fire, and was about to fall upon it with housewifely fury, and in a trice, had I not stopped her, would have scraped away the mellow green film, the very writing and sign-manual of the artist Time.

A few silver duros in the smiling lad's palm, a bit of gold to the mother, a shudder of long unknown joy in the widow's heart, a tear, a quiver of the lip, then a smile,—and the bargain was made.

I was grasping her hand and she, saying "*Adios!*", was asking the Virgin to give me "a thousand years," when Salazar said:

"No, no! it is not yet '*Adios!*' This basin and bargain must be certified to by the *ayuntamiento* in a document stamped with the seal of the pueblo, and setting forth that here in La Mancha itself was bought this barber's basin."

"*Seguro!*" replied the woman, who flung over her head a tattered black shawl, tossing the end over her left shoulder. We all walked, Salazar and I leading our beasts, to the door of the *alcalderia*.

The group of loungers who sat around the whitewashed wall of the chamber of the *ayuntamiento* showed no interest in our arrival. To our story the secretary himself listened with official indifference, sipped his morning coffee, only occasionally

asking a question of idle curiosity, or offering objection to the execution of so trivial a document.

"Ridiculous!" he exclaimed; "the authorities of Spain have not provided in the Codex for such jesting. What is this all for?"

"Señor Secretario," I replied, "I have conceived this innocent little caprice of legalizing my purchase of the basin, to gratify a certain Don Horacio, known in America as the Bachelor of San Francisco, a gentleman whose fine literary taste has led him to venerate your great Cervantes, and whose knightly sentiments have made him the intimate friend of Don Quixote."

"But," said the secretary, "no contract of sale with a minor for vendor can be legalized by me. The Codex provides——" He was going on to explain what the Codex did provide, when Salazar, who knew more about

the legal practice of provincial Spain than the Codex itself, stepped forward, passed behind the august judicial table, and made some communication in a whisper, which was not quite loud enough to drown a curious metallic clink, as of coins in collision.

Thus softened, the cold eye of the secretary warmed perceptibly, and he resumed: "As I was about to say when my friend here offered me a—a—cigarette, the Codex does not in terms recognize the right of an infant to vend, transfer, give over, or relinquish real or personal property; but on reflection, in a case like this, I shall not hesitate to celebrate the act of sale."

A servant was dispatched for some strong paper, and the softened magistrate fell into general conversation.

"You have had a great war in your country."

"Yes," I replied, "very destructive, very exhausting; but, thank God, North and South are now beginning to be friends again."

"Are you of the North or of the South?"

"The North."

"Do you not find it very trying to have those Chilians in your Lima, señor?"

Weeks before this I had given up trying to stretch the Spanish conception of America to include a country north of Mexico, for the land of Cortés is the limit of imagination in that direction; so I helplessly assented. Yes, it was trying.

The boy returned with the paper; ink-horns and pens were successfully searched for, and the document was executed and sealed.

Salazar and I withdrew after saluting the upright official, mounted our beasts, received the soft benediction

of the smiling widow, and pricked forward down a narrow way which led to the open plain. We were descending a gentle slope on the outskirts of the pueblo when we were overtaken by the secretary's servant, who charged down upon us, his donkey nearly upsetting mine in the collision.

Like a wizard in a show, he drew from under his jacket an incredibly bright and brand-new barber's basin.

"The secretary," he said, "remembered, just after you had gone, that the old Duchess of Molino had deposited with him, as security for a large loan, this basin, which is proved to have been the authentic and only one from which Cervantes was shaved every day while prisoner at Argamosillo. The secretary knew that you would like to see this valued relic, and to touch it with your own hand. The duchess, señor (lowering his eyes and face), is in *gloria*. For ten duros

you can have this undoubted memento; and full documents shall follow you to Madrid or Lima by the next mail."

"*Hombre!*" I replied, "do me the favor to present to the secretary my most respectful compliments, and say that the supposed death of the duchess is a curious mistake. The old lady is living in great luxury in Seville, and her steward is already on the way to redeem her favorite relic."

The man, who saw the force of my pleasantry, laughed explosively, and shamelessly offered me the basin at two duros and a half. We shook our heads, and rode away. Having gone a hundred yards, we heard a voice, and looking back beheld the servant, who brandished aloft the basin and shouted: "One duro?" I answered "Never," and we rode out upon the brown and sunburnt plain.

Some sheep lay dozing, huddled in

the shadow of a few stunted cork-trees. Brown and dim as if clad in dusty leather, the Sierra Morena lay sleeping in the warm light. Away up among the hazy summits were pencilings of soft, cool color; but we were too far away to discern the rocks and groves where Don Quixote did his amorous penance.

After riding long and silently, Salazar addressed me:

"Señor, this friend of yours, this Don Horacio, will he ever come to La Mancha?"

"*Quien sabe?*" I replied; "but if he comes you will certainly know him and love him as he is known and loved by his friend."

To the Bachelor of San Francisco. *K.*

In La Mancha

King's dress in the above picture is said to be the same he wore in Spain when seeking the Helmet of Mambrino.

Don Horacio

James D. Hague

N. F. Butler

Don Horacio

"DON HORACIO" was a favorite name of the Quixotic friend for love of whom King sought the precious "Helmet of Mambrino," in the province of La Mancha, and to whom he addressed the delightful epistle which accompanied his gift of the barber's basin he found there. To certain fellow-lovers of romantic literature Don Horacio was also known as "The Bachelor of San Francisco." To everyday and commonplace acquaintance his matter-of-fact name was Horace F. Cutter. He was born in Boston more than eighty years ago.* In his boyhood he was a pupil at the Boston Latin school and, as he always remembered

* July 4, 1821.

with pride, a contemporary scholar and youthful companion of his life-long friend Edward Everett Hale.

When he grew to manhood he drifted westward and, after a brief stay in St. Louis, landed, not far behind the earliest gold-seeking pioneers, in California, where, in the city of San Francisco, he lived fifty years and lately died. At the beginning of his career there he actively engaged with a business partner in commercial affairs, so-called, consisting mainly in very speculative ventures in the merchandise market, such, for example, as "corners" in whiskey, tobacco, turpentine, oatmeal or macaroni, or in any of the many contemporary equivalents of Colonel Sellers's eyewater, all of which, with occasional success and ultimate failure, seem to have left him, at last, rich only in pleasing illusions of prospective fortune, the memories

of which, long after, cheered his old age. He rose superior to the petty embarrassments of unsuccessful business, and never allowed the failures of the past to overshadow the bright prospects of the future. His daily business occupation, during many years following the collapse of his firm, was in the office of lifelong friends,* owners of a large landed estate, where, in some clerical capacity, he earned, or at least received, money enough to secure his comfortable support. He lodged in a bare and scantily furnished upper room of the office building and spent his leisure hours at his club, where he was a cherished companion and a familiar figure in his accustomed seats in the library or dining room, during nearly forty years. A most welcome visitor in half a dozen houses where

*The Howard family, of San Mateo County.

he was an expected guest for dinner once or twice a week, he enjoyed the best of everything that devoted friends could offer, and lived without anxiety concerning his personal welfare, giving himself wholly to his favorite pursuits.

He was an insatiable reader of many sorts of books, old and new, with a wide range of current literature, and, while most at home in the atmosphere of romance, he seemed to know something of everything going on in the universe generally, visible and invisible, anywhere within the far-reaching domain of psychical research or of Swedenborgian philosophy, which was his favorite religion. The revelations of the telescope in astronomical research, the transactions of the Microscopical Society, geographical—especially polar—exploration, ærial navigation, the practical applications of electricity to

modern inventions, the Keeley Motor, the extraction of precious metals from the ocean, everything in heaven, or in the air — from flying machines to humming-birds and butterflies — or in the earth, whether the product of the soil or of the mine, or in the waters under the earth, including the sea-serpent, in the existence of which he died a firm believer, together with the social and political conditions of people everywhere, the foreign wars and revolutions, the international relations of the world at large, bi-metallism, the demonetization of silver and, especially, the Bank of England rate, engaged his daily attention and constant solicitude.

Cutter was a phenomenal American, a composite, in characteristic qualities, of Confucius,* Socrates,

* A noteworthy likeness in the occupations of their younger days appears in the historical coincidence that Confucius " in his youth

Swedenborg, Don Quixote, Mr. Micawber and Colonel Sellers.

He delighted in schemes, projects and enterprises of every sort, financial, industrial, scientific, romantic and sentimental, and was never without something in hand for promotion. Many of his undertakings were short-lived and quickly came to grief; but his hopeful spirit never knew the pang of failure, and none of his most visionary projects ever wholly vanished before he had conceived some new and better thing. If an unwilling capitalist positively and, perhaps, rudely refused to engage in some proposed enterprise today, Cutter always knew a much richer and every-

was successively keeper of stores and superintendent of parks and herds to the chief of the district in which he lived," while Cutter was also a storekeeper in early life and subsequently a self-appointed, unofficial guardian of the animals and birds in Golden Gate Park.

way better man to whom, confident of success, he would unfold his project tomorrow.

His favorite enterprises were world-wide in their range, sometimes involving important international relations. One of his proudest achievements he accomplished nearly twenty-five years ago, having been deeply moved thereto by reading, at his club in San Francisco, in a current number of the London *Times*,* a stirring letter from that paper's correspondent at Peking, reporting recent events in China and relating a most pathetic story of the wretched fate of certain youthful captives, the children of Yakoob Beg, a famous chieftain and ruler of Eastern Turkistan, Amir of Kashgar, who, in 1877, was defeated in war with China and ignominiously put to death, and whose three young sons, with one little grandson, all

*London *Weekly Times*, September 19, 1879.

innocent victims of their father's misfortune, had been condemned to imprisonment, with abominable maltreatment and, upon reaching the age of eleven years, to be given over as slaves to the soldiery in Turkistan or in the Amoor region.*

*. . . "In consequence of the rebellious attitude of the Mussulmans of Kashgar, and their openly expressed regrets at the loss of their beloved Yakoob Beg, the Chinese authorities ordered the bodies of Yakoob Beg and of his son, Ishana Beg, to be disinterred and publicly burned to cinders. The ashes of Yakoob Beg were, moreover, sent to Peking. . . .

"At the time that Eastern Turkistan again passed into the hands of China, there were taken prisoners four sons, two grandsons, two granddaughters, and four wives of Yakoob Beg. Some of these were executed and others died; but in 1879 there remained in prison in Lanchanfoo, the capital of Kansuh, Maiti Kuli, aged fourteen; Yima Kuli, aged ten; K'ati Kuli, aged six; sons of Yakoob Beg; and Aisan Ahung, aged five, his grandson. These wretched little boys were

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When Mr. Cutter read with unspeakable indignation of these distressful events he immediately resolved to devote all his energies and resources to the rescue of the

treated like state criminals. They arrived in Kan-suh in February, 1879, and were sent on to the provincial capital to be tried and sentenced by the Judicial Commissioner there for the awful crime of being sons of their father. In the course of time the Commissioner made a report of the trial which he concluded as follows:

"'In cases of sedition, where the law condemns the malefactors to death by the slow and painful process, the children and grandchildren, if it be shown that they were not privy to the treasonable designs of their parents, shall be delivered, no matter whether they have attained full age or not, into the hands of the imperial household to be made eunuchs of, and shall be forwarded to Turkistan and given over as slaves to the soldiery. If under the age of ten, they shall be confined in prison until they have reached the age of eleven, whereupon they shall be handed over to the imperial household, to be dealt

innocent sufferers, in whose behalf he promptly took the first initiative steps to engage public attention and sympathy in this country,* which, through

with according to law. In the present case, . . . as Yakoob Beg's sons . . . are rebels from Turkistan, it is requested that they may, instead, be sent to the Amoor region, to be given as slaves to the soldiery there.

"'As Maiti Kuli is fourteen, it is requested that he may be delivered over to the imperial household as soon as the reply of the Board is received. Yima Kuli is just ten; K'ati Kuli and Aisan Ahung are under ten; they have therefore, to be confined in prison until they attain the age of eleven, when they will be delivered over to the imperial household to be dealt with according to law.'" (Appleton's *Annual Cyclopædia*, New Series, Vol. iv., 1879, page 145.)

* One of Mr. Cutter's first efforts was an appeal to the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, whose president, Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, addressed and published an urgent letter on the subject to the President of the United States.

his persistent and untiring efforts, ultimately led to Congressional action, resulting in the successful intercession by the United States, in concert, it is said, with England, France and, perhaps, other Governments of Europe, for the justification and liberation of the unfortunate children, with suitable provision by the Chinese Government for their subsequent welfare.

More than thirty years ago Cutter sent as a gift to His Imperial Majesty the Tenno of Japan, a beautifully bound copy of a book entitled "The Tales of Old Japan" (Mitford's), the first of its kind published in the English language. In due time he received through His Majesty's consul for California a highly appreciative letter, written by instruction of the Japanese minister for foreign affairs, expressing his majesty's pleasure and thanks, together with an accompany-

ing case of royal gold-lacquered ware, "sent to Mr. Cutter as a token of requital for his kindness." In his letter of transmittal accompanying the book, Mr. Cutter had expressed a wish to obtain his majesty's photograph, referring to which he was advised, in reply, that "As to the desire of Mr. Cutter to possess H. I. M.'s photographic likeness, we regret to express that as no photographic likeness of His Majesty is as yet taken, it is unable to fulfill the desire."

Japan again received the personal attention of Mr. Cutter, about fifteen years ago, when he strove persistently, as no one else would have done, and finally succeeded in obtaining from the United States Government, in the interest of humanity, due recognition of the great kindness shown by certain native villagers and fishermen, on the Japanese island of Tanegashima, to a company of ship-

wrecked American seamen who, in extreme distress, narrowly escaping fatal disaster, landed on their shore. Mr. Cutter labored long and assiduously with senators and representatives until Congress passed appropriate resolutions, acknowledging and duly appreciating the kind deed and benevolence of the Japanese villagers. Gold medals were sent to the principal rescuers; and the sum of $5000 was transmitted to the Japanese Government to be used as might be deemed most advisable for the benefit of the two villages, Anjio and Isaki. This money was invested for the support of the schools in these two villages, in each of which a memorial schoolhouse was built by the Japanese. A stone monument was erected, also by the Japanese, in the yard of each of the two schoolhouses, "to commemorate the goodness of the United States"; and each stone bears an

inscription, in Japanese, relating the story of the wreck of the lost vessel, the *Cashmere*, and concluding with a poem, written for the occasion, by a Japanese poet of high distinction, expressing appropriate sentiments in acceptance of the gift and dedicating it to the education of the native children. Photographs of these schoolhouses were made and sent to Mr. Cutter in compliancewith his request.*

These distinguished services, thus rendered by Mr. Cutter, received also the highest official acknowledgment in the presentation to him of the "Decoration of Merits with Blue Ribbon," which was granted by His Majesty the Emperor of Japan and

* A narrative relating some of these interesting events was published in the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, September, 1894. Mr. Cutter has also made further reference thereto in a brief article, entitled "Two Monuments," printed in the *Century Magazine* (March, 1891).

conferred by the Government upon Mr. Cutter (October 22d, 1894), for his "noble endeavors relating to the establishment of the schools on the Island of Tanegashima."

Mr. Cutter's relations with Spain were apparently very pleasant, having begun many years ago (1879) in a correspondence with Señor Castelar, when, in response to a public appeal for aid in behalf of many sufferers from disastrous floods in the province of Murcia, he sent to Castelar a gift of one thousand francs as the "contribution of an American who remembers that the discovery of his native land was owing to the generosity of Spain." Castelar personally acknowledged this gift in a very gracious letter and sent his photograph, bearing his own inscription of greeting and friendly regard, "*A mi amigo Horacio F. Cutter, en prueba de entrañable afecto, Emilio Castelar.*"

Not long thereafter, Mr. Cutter submitted to the prime minister a plan for the capture of Gibraltar by means of balloons, from which explosive bombs were to be dropped upon the British occupants. Castelar responded with thanks in an autograph letter, expressing his appreciation with the intention to give the matter due consideration and to reply further at some more convenient moment.

It was probably his love of Spanish romance that led Mr. Cutter, some years later, to engage actively, though unsuccessfully, in the financial promotion of a project for raising from the bottom of the bay of Vigo the Spanish galleons, sunk there in 1702, which were supposed to be laden with twenty-five millions of treasure, but proved, so far as exploited, to contain little or nothing of available value.

In 1892, Mr. Cutter was appointed by authority of the Spanish Govern-

ment to serve on a commission organized to promote and manage an International Exhibition at Madrid, in celebration of the Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

The attitude of Portugal on the question of slavery and the slave trade attracted Mr. Cutter's ever-watchful eye, some years since, and led to certain manifestations of his interest in the matter through the press of the time (1889–1890).

The friendly relations of Russia with the United States during the war of the rebellion, forty years ago, gave Mr. Cutter much satisfaction, and he made it the subject of an interesting contribution to history in a magazine article,* which attracted attention both in America and Europe.

In the western hemisphere one of Mr. Cutter's most absorbing interests

* *Overland Monthly*, September, 1892.

was arctic exploration, which he never ceased to follow closely, from year to year. He had long-cherished projects in Bering's Sea. One of his favorite schemes was the purchase of British Columbia by the United States, for which he proposed to pay $100,000,000, in gold if need be, but preferably in silver bars, with the double—bimetallic — purpose of acquiring our neighbor's coveted territory and paying for it in the unjustly depreciated metal.

He was greatly interested in actively promoting the project of the Drake Monument, with which it was proposed to mark the point on the California coast, now known as Drake's Bay, near Point Reyes, not far from San Francisco, where Sir Francis Drake landed in 1579, and where his much-abused chaplain, Francis Fletcher, read for the first time in California the service of the Church of England.

This project was partly realized in the erection of a wooden cross at a point said to be the one referred to; but a more easily accessible and enduring monument, in recognition of the interesting event, has since been more conspicuously established in Golden Gate Park, in the city of San Francisco, overlooking the sea.

On the Mexican coast of Lower California an enterprise of magnificent proportions was projected by Mr. Cutter, based, as he affirmed, on the largest private landed estate in the world, for the gathering and utilization of seaweed as well as the cultivation and production of orchilla, a vegetable substitute for cochineal. Another great scheme of international importance, in which our lamented friend King was also concerned, designed to reclaim and develop a large, unutilized tract of Mexican territory, near our boundary

and lying along the Colorado River, for the cultivation of cotton by Japanese colonists to be imported for the purpose, engaged to the time of his death the constant attention of Mr. Cutter, in whose far-reaching vision the capitalists of Japan, Mexico, the United States and Europe were to participate jointly.

The South Seas and all thereto pertaining, especially, the royal family of Tahiti, the surviving descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty* on Pitcairn, the coral islanders and the mysterious graven images of Easter Island, were always for Mr. Cutter unfailing sources of interesting romance and curious speculation.

His last international effort, in which he successfully sought the financial and sympathetic co-operation of his friends, was an undertaking to send slates, slate-pencils, and spelling-books to primary schools in the Philippines.

With all his devotion to foreign interests, he was a most patriotic citizen, thoroughly American in spirit and purpose and a firm believer in the high vocation and destiny of the American people among the nations of the earth. He labored persistently to accomplish some desired measures of reform, notably in the Jury laws, of which, it is said, that certain legislative amendments, made in several States, have been largely due to his efforts. He was an active though not a leading member of the celebrated Vigilance Committee in San Francisco (1856) and liked to tell in later years of his participation in that public service.

One object of his constant attention at home was the Golden Gate Park, between the city and the sea, or, more particularly, the aviary there, which was created and maintained by the Park commissioners mainly by

Mr. Cutter's persuasive influence and action. It was his habit to visit the aviary almost every day. He knew all the birds in it and many more outside. He was a sort of bird-charmer in his way, and he liked to tell of friendly humming-birds that would sometimes alight upon his hand or head. He caused the introduction to the park and to California of the Japanese bulbul.* He was personally acquainted with the black swans on the lake, and constantly visited and fed, during their season, his migratory friends, the coots. He was on familiar terms with the rainbow trout. He also maintained more or less intimate relations with the elks, the moose, the buffaloes, and the big griz-

* It has been asserted that the "ten pairs" of bulbuls, first imported from Japan, proved to be all males, without a single mother-bird in the lot; but this may be the cynical invention of some "eternal misbeliever."

zly bear, and was a particular friend of the ruffled moufflon of North Africa.

He believed in the great and far-distant future of San Francisco, and the only real property of which he died possessed is a still deeply submerged and wholly invisible water-lot on the north beach, which can only become valuable to generations yet unborn.

One of Mr. Cutter's most notable achievements was the fortuitous invention (about 1870) of a literary hoax, which attracted world-wide attention, purporting to answer certain inquiries which were just then in current circulation through the literary journals of the period, touching the authorship of the familiar quotation, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," the origin of which had then long been, as it still is, a puzzle past finding out, the inquiry having begun

more than fifty years ago (1851) in *Notes and Queries*, in which periodical the subject has since been again and again discussed by many correspondents." *

Mr. Cutter's first conception of his hoax was apparently quite impromptu, intended only as a passing joke at the expense of a fellow member of his club, and probably without any expectation that it would be carried further, still less that his little squib would be heard around the world.

It appears that, somehow, there had come to be a popular impression that an eccentric individual had offered a large reward for such information concerning the quotation in

* According to Bartlett, the much-quoted line in question originated in a song, written and composed by George Linley for Mr. Augustus Braham, and sung by him in London, probably about 1830; but certain correspondents of *Notes and Queries* show that it was a "familiar quotation" long before then.

question as might lead to the conviction of its original author; and this so stimulated further search that the matter was much talked of, far and wide, largely increasing the number of active inquirers, among whom was one in San Francisco, who so persistently bored certain Union Club companions that his unceasing importunities naturally encouraged anybody so disposed to trifle with his credulity.

About this time, also, there appeared in the *New Orleans Sunday Times*, a communication from a literary correspondent, purporting to give the original source of the familiar line in "verses written in an old memorandum book, the author not recollected," beginning with the words "Sweetheart, goodbye! the fluttering sail," and ending aptly with the quotation "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," to embody which the

accompanying poem had been composed.

When this publication met Mr. Cutter's eye, he promptly announced to his inquiring friend not only the alleged discovery of the verses but, moreover, the further information, invented by himself, that the author of the lines was "Ruthven Jenkyns," whose poem first appeared in the *Greenwich Magazine for Marines* in 1701.

The joke was taken seriously and communicated in good faith by its credulous victim to the press, immediately provoking further discussion of the subject, which, during many following years, was often revived both in America and England. Mr. Edward Everett Hale, in *Old and New*, intimated that the marines at Greenwich had hardly attained in 1701 such development of literary culture as to require a magazine of

their own; and one of the leading literary periodicals in England said, in effect, that inquiry at the Library of the British Museum confirmed the shrewd suspicion that no such magazine ever existed.

In 1880, a London publisher brought out the bogus song in sheet music, concerning which Bartlett, in his *Familiar Quotations* (1891), after saying that the composer of the music acknowledged, in a private letter, that he had copied the song from an American newspaper, makes a personal reference to Mr. Cutter as "the reputed author, Ruthven Jenkyns."

An amusing sequel to the story of this invented name appeared when a distinguished member of the Jenkins family in the United States, a man eminent in the naval service, seriously claimed Cutter's fictitious author as an ancestral relative.

It seems, moreover, something like

a touch of poetic justice in the mortuary notice printed in a San Francisco newspaper, announcing the death of Mr. Cutter and briefly reviewing his career, that the creator of Ruthven Jenkyns, a wholly imaginary character, should be presented as first cousin of another purely fictitious person, who is there made to appear as the nearest bereaved relative and chief mourner of the deceased. The obituary writer, after making due mention of Mr. Cutter's pedigree and his relation to the well-known Coolidge family of Boston, says that his first cousin and nearest surviving relative is "Susan Coolidge, the author," a name familiar to story readers as the wholly fictitious *nom-de-plume* of Miss Sarah Chauncey Woolsey.

Another significant example of hasty editorial misapprehension occurs in the same obituary notice, wherein the deceased, by ridiculous

misnomer, is pathetically alluded to as the " Hermit of Mambrino."

In his later years Cutter seemed to his daily companions to be neither rich nor poor, well known to be impecunious, yet lacking nothing necessary to his comfort. He was, in fact, both poor and rich, with hardly a dollar that he could really and truly call his own, yet rich and happy, not only in his favorite illusions but in the resources of personal friendship and in the possession of devoted friends who never failed to provide him with all desired means of living, in such a gracious way that he could not have felt, if he ever knew, his obligation to others. His wants were few and he required little for personal subsistence. He used to say, " I have enough already for my necessities. What I wish for now is enough for my eccentricities." He really desired wealth for the benefit of others. On

a certain occasion, when he had expressed to an acquaintance his profound sympathy for their mutual friend Clarence King in a recent misfortune which, he said, had cost King a loss of $400,000, he explained, upon cross-examination, that the alleged loss, which he thus deplored on King's account, consisted really in a constructive loss which he himself had lately made in failing to realize a hoped-for profit of $400,000, in a negotiation for the sale of mining property, which had just then finally resulted in complete disappointment, but on the success of which he had till then reckoned so confidently that he had already made a will, bequeathing to Clarence King a fortune of $400,000, which, under existing circumstances, could now never be realized, and his only regret was for King's misfortune, in the loss of so much money.

It appears from another character-

istic anecdote of Mr. Cutter that this imaginary fortune of $400,000 afforded him not only the illusory delight of acquiring it, as he thought he had done at the time, with the real pleasure of giving it to King, as he actually did in his will, but, moreover, the great satisfaction of saving it from loss, as he believed he had, by a very rare streak of good luck.

About the time when he was daily expecting to realize his profit of $400,000, the trusted friend and private banker with whom he intended to deposit the whole sum came to grief in a disastrous failure, which swept away everything in his possession; and Mr. Cutter's money, had it been realized and so deposited, would thus have been wholly lost. "It was the narrowest escape of my life," he afterwards said, "the closest shave I ever had." It made him shudder to think how nearly he had accomplished the

making of a fortune, only to lose it again in the mishap of a moment. The situation seemed still more significant when among the bankrupt's worthless assets there was found an outlawed note of his friend Cutter for $150.

In personal appearance Don Horacio was moderately tall, rather slender, sometimes almost gaunt, although always of kindly countenance, with thin gray hair and scanty beard. But for the picturesque drapery of the long cloak he might have posed for the *Century Magazine's* artistic drawing of the guide and companion of King's journey in La Mancha, "Salazar,—a poor gentleman, humbled by fate, yet rich in the qualities of sentiment which make good men and good friends." There was no suggestion of Spanish romance in Don Horacio's dress, which was invariably a plain dark suit, with short sack coat and

Don Horacio

The above picture, a snap-shot, shows Don Horacio in the act of telling the story of his marvelous escape from drowning in the Oakland railway-bridge disaster, pointing with his stick, as he had done at the moment of danger, to a fellow passenger then struggling in the water, and shouting to the rescuers in a boat to "Save that man!"

high silk hat, more or less worn out, according to the interval occurring between successful election bets, always on the Republican candidate, the source from which all his hats were derived.

Mr. Cutter's high hat, a characteristic and familiar feature of his outdoor dress, curiously recalls one of the most extraordinary events of his career, when, being a passenger in a suburban (Oakland) railway train which had plunged through an open draw from a trestle bridge into the water (an accident which involved some loss of life by drowning, in May, 1891), he climbed through the broken window next his seat, badly lacerating his hands and arms and drenching his body nearly up to his neck, and with great difficulty managed to reach the roof of the car and thence the track on the trestle, narrowly escaping with his life but saving spotless

and unruffled his high silk hat, which he most carefully protected at the moment of extreme danger and kept thereafter as an evidence of his imperturbable equanimity under the most trying circumstances.

This adventure was also the occasion of another noteworthy incident, in which Mr. Cutter seemed pleased to perceive something of psychical mystery, especially in its relation to his favorite ghost story, which he had known by heart since first reading it in *All the Year Round*, brought out by Charles Dickens in 1861, purporting to be the truthful narrative of Thomas Heaphy, a well-known English artist, who relates the rare experience of painting a portrait, at least in part, from the visible apparition of a young lady who had shortly before departed this life. The facts and incidents of this narrative had long been the subject of much dis-

cussion among truth-seekers in the field of psychical research, in all of which Mr. Cutter was deeply interested. On the occasion of his railway disaster, as he reached dry land, walking from the shore-end of the trestle along the railway line, he presently met, near the door of their cottage, two ladies, who insisted on giving him aid and comfort. They bound up his bleeding wounds with such solicitude that Mr. Cutter could not do less than return, a few days later, to make his grateful acknowledgments, on which occasion he was surprised and pleased to find that the elder lady was the daughter of the artist who had painted the mysterious portrait and who had thereafter related the "wonderful ghost story" to Charles Dickens, who printed it in his magazine. The lady herself had somehow participated in at least one incident of the story, when she with

her own eyes had seen the apparition leaving her father's house, and she was able to add some interesting and unrelated details to the written narrative. She also gave to Mr. Cutter, or at least promised to obtain for him, from one of her family, a photograph of the portrait made by her father of the "phantom ladye."

Mr. Cutter delighted in ghost stories and psychical mysteries of every kind. Sir Edward Lytton's story of a haunted house, *The House and the Brain*, was one of his prime favorites. His reading generally covered a wide range, from fairy tales and juvenile literature, especially of the grown-up variety, like *Alice in Wonderland*, *Babb Ballads*, *The Adventures of Bre'r Fox and Bre'r Rabbit* and the primitive folklore of Uncle Remus, on the one hand, to the latest reports of current astronomical research, on the other.

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He had been interested in star-gazing from his youth up, and one of the favorite recollections of his early life in Boston was a story he liked to tell concerning Alvah Clark, the afterwards famous lens-maker, who, he said, at that time, used to stand with his telescope on Boston Common, during fine evenings, to give the passers-by a peep at the moon or stars, at popular prices. The youthful Cutter spent many a dime in these observations and became personally acquainted with Clark, who so highly appreciated the zeal of the young observer that he often gave him a free show as a compliment. On one occasion, when it was about time to go home, Clark invited Cutter to take one more look, without pay, at something of his choice. "Don't be in a hurry," he said, "take your time; let's have another whack at *Zeta Cancri* anyway, before we go."

Don Horacio

Among the carefully kept papers and personal belongings of Don Horacio, which his executor has kindly placed at my disposal for the purpose of this memoir, are many letters, notes, manuscripts and printed papers, referring to various matters and events in which he had been an interested participant. Notable among these are some long-preserved epistles from Edward Everett Hale, commenting on the current events of their time. In one of these (1888), addressed to "My dear guide, philosopher and friend," Mr. Hale writes: "I regard you as the prophet of the Politics and social order of the 20th century. This is to be an order based not on Adam Smith's separate and informal doctrine of 'the D——l take the hindmost' but on Jesus Christ's direction that we should bear each other's burdens." . . . "You and

I are lingerers on the borders of the 19th century, let us push our ideas over the frontier, into the 20th century." And in another letter of earlier date: "When I write to you I step off my rather Gradgrind daily path to the romantic and poetic and Pacific world. The Damsel of Denmark, Amadis, Esplandian and Oriana enter at the open door, and to them follow Thorwaldsen, Hamlet and Horacio."

Responding to Mr. Cutter's request for a personal autograph, Castelar enclosed to him in a letter, dated at Madrid, January 1, 1880, a separate page, which is reproduced here in fac-simile: *

* "Does it not seem to you that Faith is necessary to inspire sublime actions or to console one in extreme sorrows? It is impossible to cross the Ocean of life without Faith. In that vessel Columbus embarked, and he found at the end of his voyage a

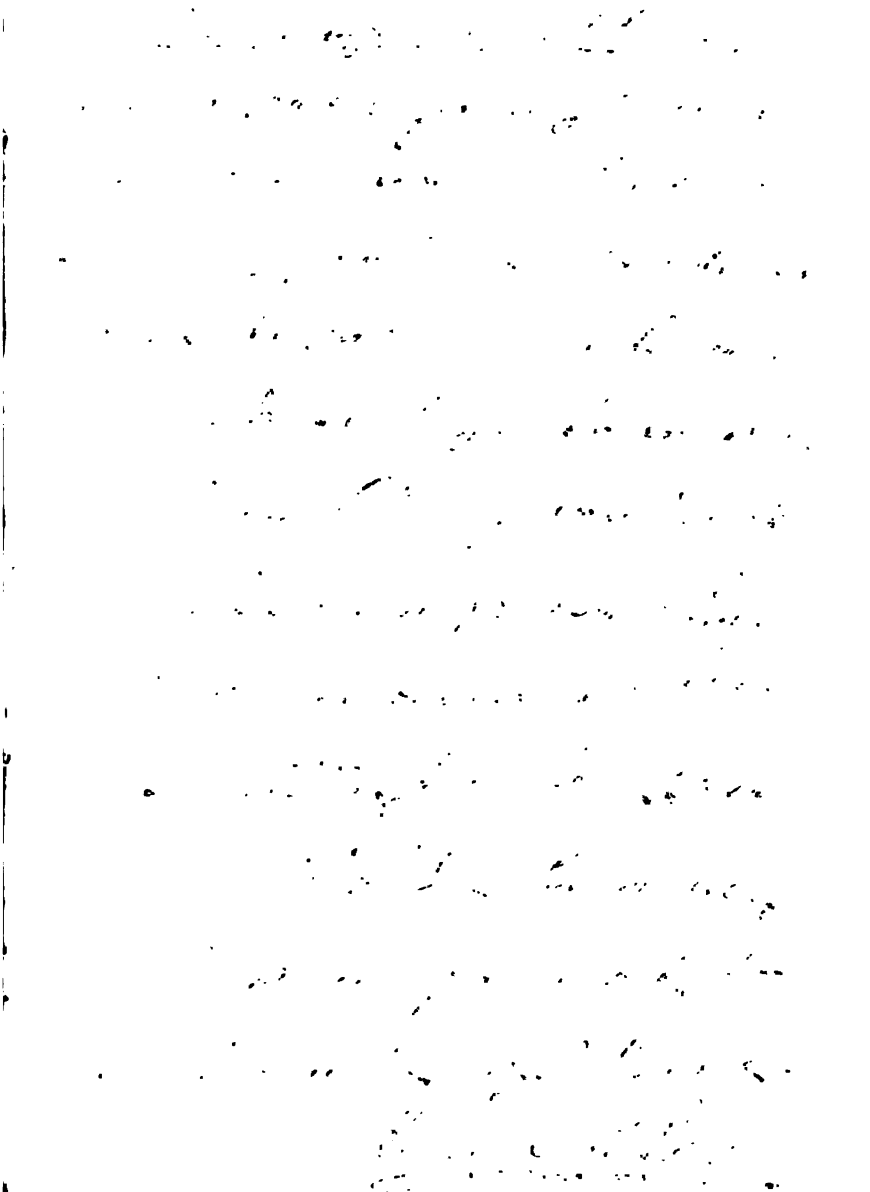
The London *Times* correspondent* in China, with whom Mr. Cutter exchanged several letters concerning the unhappy fate of Yakoob Beg's children, wrote in 1881 :

"You might send me your photograph. I confess to a curiosity to see the features of a phenomenal American who can find time, in the midst of bustling 'Frisco, to take an interest in the fate of two young barbarians in Central Asia. If there is much of this pure philanthropy in California there is hope for you yet."

The cordial friendship of King and Cutter began with their first acquaintance, more than thirty years ago. In Cutter's eyes King was, be-

New World. Had that world not existed God would have created it in the solitude of the Ocean, were it only to reward the Faith and constancy of that man."

* William Donald Spence.



A mi amigo Horacio H. Cuttson.

¿No os parece que la fé es necesaria para mover á las sublimes acciones y consolar en las postrimerías de la vida? Imposible cruzar los mares de la vida sin la fé. En esa mar se embarcó Colon y encontró al terminar de su viaje un Nuevo Mundo. Si ese mundo no hubiera existido, Dios lo hubiera creado en la soledad de los mares, tan solo para premiar la fé y la constancia de aquel hombre.

Emilio Castelar

yond compare, a man after his own heart; and King, himself a life-long lover of Cervantes, saw in Cutter the modern Don Quixote of California.

Several letters written at sundry times by King to Cutter, show so well some characteristic traits of both men, that I venture to transcribe here certain passages of special interest:

(Date noted—November 11/ 88).

"En route to El Paso.

"My dear Don Horacio

"I owe you, as is alas too often the case with me, a full and humble lamentation for so long neglecting your letter.

"Since my last visit to California I have been nearly all the time a sick man and when the life and buoyancy of good health depart from a man's body the poor mind grows weary and the thousand and one duties of daily life lie like heavy burdens which

must be again and again lifted by an effort of tired will.

"Thus with me the duties of the days and weeks seem like an insurmountable wall always in front of me. Perhaps in some flush of strength some day I may clear the wall and land in the green pastures beyond, where the heart may find utterance and joy again.

"But all these long months past, in spite of my silence and my general nonproductiveness, I never passed a day without my thoughts wandering to you, my old and valued friend.

"I am happier for knowing you and your unclouded soul.

"Before very long I want to make a pilgrimage to California if it is only to take our classic walk through the fresh greenery of park, the gray monotone of our beloved sand-dunes and reach the lips of the Pacific and hear him whisper to us of far lands and

infinite horizons. It breaks my heart to think that the day will come when our happy feet cannot wander together thither, that one of us will tread the sands alone, and then a little later no footfall of either will leave its print by the foamy edge of our sea.

"But God grant that where the waters of Paradise ebb and flow in the sunshine of Eternal Peace, there together we may wander with hearts still warmer, thoughts still loftier, souls more transparent. Amen."

"DEAR FRIEND, Men are such mute undemonstrative creatures that I do not know if I ever said in words how greatly I value our friendship. If I have not, no matter, you have felt my meaning. . . . Ever yours

"CLARENCE."

James D. Hague

(Stamped 1893.)

"NEWPORT, October 24.

"DEAR AMIGO HORACIO:

"I just came home from a month's journey in Canada and my mind was full of annexation already when I found your letter with the two newspaper extracts on the Drake Monument and the British Columbia idea. At the same time I found the letter of Aug. 28 with your copy of the Critic note on the two heroes of Spain.

"I always sympathize, you know, with all your projects and ideas because they are always high-minded and good and for the real inspiring of man. You ought to be a sort of general autocrat of the spiritual and æsthetic destinies of America, with full power to carry out your good and admirable plans. Yet with all the disadvantages of being a private individual you have really carried into

execution more than any idealist I ever knew. You saved the Kashgarian children, you made a stupid nation reward the good Japanese. You will mark the landing of Drake and you will see British Columbia ours, and I believe you will see Gibraltar under the flag of Spain. This latter if not with mortal eyes, yet with those clearer seeing orbs when we see no longer with dimness of human imperfection 'through a glass darkly' you will behold from the slopes of Heaven the fulfilment of your lofty and worthy dreams.

"I am impatient to see you and hold converse with you, and see the enthusiasm kindle your eye again and feel the warmth of your faith and your humanity. Soon may it be. . . . I have a feeling in my bones that something will take me to California before long. It is just one of those vague presentiments that always come

true with me. Either I shall come there or you will come here. So I will keep my heart up on that hope. Oh dear Don Horacio how deeply I wish we might live under the same skies and talk together daily instead of with the dull silence of years between our meetings.

"Ever yours

"CLARENCE."

"December 10, '93.

"MY DEAR DON HORACIO:

"At last I am able to write you a few lines. Hague has told me of your affectionate anxiety about me. It will I am sure comfort you to know that my condition daily improves, that my difficulty is not organic, that it will pass away in a few months leaving me as well as ever. The whole nervous system will have to be given a complete rest for several

months. The doctors say that a very long railway journey may not be undertaken by me under a year. I had a dream of coming to California in the spring but that must be given up.

"Do write me of your feelings and doings: you know nothing gives me greater pleasure than to breathe the same intellectual atmosphere with you, for am I not also of the family of Quixote? . . .

"Ever affectionately

"CLARENCE."

Of much earlier date than the preceding letters is the long-treasured note of introduction which follows:

"23 FIFTH AVENUE, January, 1878.

"DEAR MR. CUTTER,

"Life is so short and uncertain that I find myself in haste for you and my friend Mr. Thomas Sturgis,

who will 'serve this notice' on you to know each other. I have felt it a privilege to know in you the intimate companion of Socrates. My friend who is like yourself somewhat divided between the hot pursuit of modern things, and the contemplation of the too-much-forgotten glories of the past, will be I know a welcome acquaintance to my dear philosopher, my valued anachronism, my friend of the *book and owl.* Perhaps the dust still lingers on some solitary glass cylinder known only to you in the secret recesses of the Union Club cellar and that you will draw out the cork and my friend at the same sitting.

"Socrato-memorabilially yours

"CLARENCE KING."

H. F. CUTTER, Esq.

And here are two characteristic notes, addressed many years ago by

Don Horacio

King to his friends, W. D. Howells and John Hay, introducing Mr. Cutter to their personal acquaintance, and ever since carefully kept, awaiting opportunities which never came:

"SAN FRANCISCO.

"My DEAR HOWELLS,

"You made a great mistake in not coming to California with Pres't Hayes. Not in missing the Yosemite, not in failing to pour out a libational cocktail at (that Ultima Thule of the Aryan migration) the Cliff House, but in losing the chance to meet some choice spirits at table with me. I had five or six good men and true to lie in wait for you and drag you away from royalty and make a dinner.

"However I love you and will partly make it up to you. The best of all my symposium is the good friend Mr. Horace F. Cutter who will

present you this. He is salt which hath not lost its savour. *Verb. sap.*

"Yours ever,

"CLARENCE KING."

"SAN FRANCISCO.

"MY DEAR JOHN,

"My friend Mr. Horace F. Cutter in the next geological period will go east. It would be a catastrophy if he did not know you. You will 'swarm in,' as the Germans say, when you meet. Lest I should not be there to expose Mr. Cutter's alias I take this opportunity to divulge to you that the police are divided in opinion as to whether he is *Socrates* or *Don Quixote.* I know better—he is both.

"Ever yours,

"CLARENCE KING."

It was for love of this Quixotic friend that King went, in 1882, to

seek the Helmet of Mambrino, in the province of La Mancha. In 1885 he sent to Mr. Cutter the barber's basin he found there, together with the formal letter accompanying his gift. This letter, not originally intended for publication, was printed in the *Century Magazine* the following year, in May, 1886, addressed to "Don Horacio." The originally finished manuscript, engrossed on large paper and bound in silk which was cut from a robe of the period of Cervantes, was kept as a precious treasure by Don Horacio during his lifetime, and was found by friends after his death among his most valued effects in the barely furnished upper-room in which he lodged.

But perhaps the most precious thing on earth to Don Horacio was the Helmet of Mambrino, the barber's basin. He kept it carefully in his room, to be seen occasionally by rare visitors,

for whose entertainment he sometimes set it on his head, to show how it might have appeared to Don Quixote and to that "eternal misbeliever" Sancho Panza, when worn by the approaching barber. An acquaintance who visited Don Horacio in his room, about six months before his death, relates that Mr. Cutter called his attention to a paper-wrapped parcel, saying "Do you see this box? It contains the most precious treasure in San Francisco. It is the Helmet of Mambrino."

When Don Horacio was stricken with his last illness he was taken by his nearest friends from his lodging, where proper care and nursing were impossible, first to his club and thence, a few days later, to the hospital where he shortly after died. One of the ladies of his most intimate family acquaintance gave him her constant care as nurse. This lady relates that

shortly before his death, Don Horacio made a request (with which it was then impracticable to comply) that certain favorite books, among them, doubtless, *Amadis of Gaul* and *Palmerin of England* (1540 and 1547), and with them, especially, the "helmet," be brought from his lodgings to his bedside, where he could see them during his illness. At the last moment she supported his reclining head, which fell upon her shoulder as he died. His last intelligible words were "Love to Clarencio," his favorite name for King, who, first of all, had named him "Don Horacio."

His mortal remains are now in repose, sharing in silent companionship the final rest of lifelong friends,* in whose family tomb, a stately mausoleum, overlooking the sea from his favorite point of view, Don Horacio's memorial tablet bears the inscription,

* The Bourn family.

HORACE F. CUTTER

* * * *

Sometime known as

"The Bachelor of San Francisco"

HELMET OF MAMBRINO

Nearly eighteen months intervened between Don Horacio's death at San Francisco, July 13, 1900, and the death of King at Phœnix, Arizona, December 24, 1901. Shortly after the last-named event I determined to obtain, if possible, the original engrossed manuscript and silk-bound copy of King's letter to Don Horacio, together with its accompanying

barber's basin, to be preserved as fitting souvenirs of King in the Century Club; and on my next visit to California, in May, 1902, I made my wish known to Don Horacio's close friend and principal legatee, who was also his duly appointed executor.* He said: "You can easily get the manuscript. My wife has it and will be pleased to give it for your purpose. As for the basin, I know nothing about it. I have not seen it for years, nor thought of it since Cutter's death. My sister, who was with Cutter when he died, may know what became of the basin. I will ask her." On inquiry, his sister said that she, too, had, unfortunately, forgotten all about the basin. She had been unable, after Don Horacio's death, to visit his lodging or give attention to the disposition of his effects, and if the basin were missing she would not

* Mr. William B. Bourn.

know where to look for it now. The manager and janitor of the office building where Cutter had lodged were equally ignorant concerning the matter inquired of, although one of them had seen the paper-wrapped parcel, said to contain the helmet, in Cutter's hands not long before his death; and Don Horacio's request that the helmet be brought from his lodgings to his bedside was remembered as a certain indication that the basin had been there among his personal effects when he left his lodging for the last time. They gave the further information that when certain books and other chosen articles had been removed from the room shortly after Cutter's death, the remaining effects had been sold to a second-hand furniture dealer who, some weeks thereafter, took everything away, including, possibly the missing basin; but this possibility proved

disappointing, for the dealer affirmed, on careful inquiry, that nothing like the thing described had ever come into his possession. Thereupon it was determined to employ a detective to prosecute the search and also to seek further light by advertisements in the papers, whereof in one, sandwiched between the announcements of a very liberal reward for the recovery of a lost dog, and of a hygienic remedy for restoring lost hair, there presently appeared the offer of a valuable consideration for the return of a Spanish barber's basin, an heirloom, of no value except to the owner.*

*

INFORMATION WANTED.

INFORMATION wanted that will help find an old Spanish-made babers' brass basin, an heirloom, only valuable to advertiser. Suitable reward paid. Address W., 401 California st., room 14.

LOST.

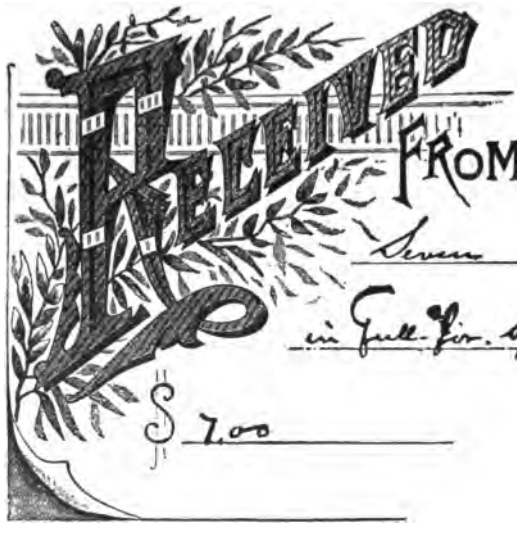
LOST—White bull terrier, brindle patch over both eyes, spiked collar and having name and address of owner on it. Very liberal reward [illegible] 1049 Market st.

Pending hoped-for results I returned to New York, where, shortly after, I received the desired manuscript with the discouraging information that no sign of the basin had yet appeared. I wrote in response, urging that no effort or expense be spared in continuing the search until the basin should be found; and, about a fortnight later I had the great pleasure of receiving a telegram from Don Horacio's executor, reading "Helmet found—will be forwarded to-morrow."

The morrow and several following days passed, however, without further advice until, about the end of June, the expected parcel arrived, containing the promised basin, with a note explaining that the delay had been occasioned by the time required for the proper identification of the "Helmet," which, it appeared, had at last turned up in a well-known

pawnbroker's shop, without any satisfactory information as to where it came from or how it got there and with a plainly implied suggestion of "No questions asked or answered." Under these circumstances it was thought desirable that the helmet should be identified before acceptance, for which purpose it was sent to the country home of the friends most competent to judge, who recognized it positively as the missing basin of Don Horacio, otherwise known as the "Helmet of Mambrino," whereupon its purchase from the dealer for the price of seven dollars was completed and the basin was forwarded to New York.

With it came also sundry bills of incidental expenses, notably that of the detective agent who rendered an account for his professional services in recovering what, by queer misnomer, he erroneously describes as



June 25th 1902

FROM J. W. Macfarlane. San Francisco Detective Agency

Seven Dollars

in Full for Spanish Basin known as The Helmet by Tombstone

$ 7.00

Joe Stern

June 28th To Services Tracing Helmet ground Sixty days @ $5.00 per day 300.00

33 1/3 per cent off (on account of friendship for owner) 100.00

Amount due $ 200.00

Rec Payment

J. W. Macfarlane

the "Helmet of Sombrino." These expenses amounted, in all, to about forty dollars, notwithstanding the very liberal discount of 33⅓ per cent., which the detective made on purely sentimental and friendly considerations, being himself a man of strongly sympathetic temperament, a constant reader of the *Century Magazine* and the proud possessor of a long line of back numbers, in the proper one of which (May, 1886), he had promptly found the story of the "Helmet" and the picture of the basin, all of which he was able to place at the disposal of those who were called upon to identify the property of Don Horacio, before concluding its purchase at the pawnbroker's.

The actual possession of the basin gave great satisfaction to all concerned in looking for it, but still left unsatisfied a lasting curiosity touching its mysterious disappear-

ance from Don Horacio's lodging and its whereabouts thereafter until it reappeared in the hands of the pawnbroker.

My wish to know these things was so strong that on visiting San Francisco again in August (1902), I called at the pawnbroker's in pursuit of the desired information. I found him an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile — perceptible. He seemed perfectly frank in this matter. When I told him my errand he smiled and said "I don't know anything about that barber's basin. I had it here only a week. It came to me from another dealer. The parties who bought it took it away to see first if it was what they wanted. They had it several days. When they came back they bought it for seven dollars. I just sold it on commission. I kept two dollars and paid five to the other dealer. I don't know how or where

he got it. He might tell you. His name is Benguiat. He is a dealer in rugs, very expensive ones, and he buys all sorts of curiosities and has a large collection, worth many thousands of dollars. Here is his address. You better see him."

This seemed to confirm the suspicion that some person had taken the basin from Cutter's lodging after his departure, and sold it to a known buyer of curiosities.

Next day I called at the establishment of the Benguiats, Hadji Ephraim and Mordecai, father and son, dealers in rugs, curios and antiques, belonging to a family of famous collectors well known not only at San Francisco but in New York, London, Paris and the Orient. I found Mordecai, the son, alone, who also smiled when I mentioned my errand. He said, "I can tell you all about the barber's basin I sold to Joe Stern

(the pawnbroker), but I don't know anything about the basin that belonged to the old gentleman who died here awhile ago. My basin was not that basin. My father brought my basin from Smyrna a few months ago. He bought it there for me, packed it with other things in a box which I myself unpacked here. I have had it in my room at home ever since it came until I let Stern have it."

"How did you come to let Stern have it?"

"I was in his place one day, a little while ago, when, knowing me to be a buyer of curiosities, he said that he was looking for a Spanish barber's brass basin that had disappeared some time before and was now wanted and advertised for by friends of the owner, who had died. He thought I might have bought it from some one who had offered it as a curiosity. I told

him I had never heard of the basin he spoke of, but that I had one like it, which he might have if it would answer the purpose. I told him if he could sell it for seven dollars he might make two on it. My father bought it in Smyrna for half a dollar. Stern said he would show it to the parties who were looking for the other basin and sell it to them if they wanted it. It was sent, on approval, to see if it would do, and the parties bought it for seven dollars. I made no pretence that my basin was the missing one, which it could not possibly be if that is made of brass, because mine is made of copper; and it is absolutely certain that my basin came from Smyrna."

Further conference with the detective brought out the fact that he had not learned from the pawnbroker, at the time of purchase, the name of the "other dealer," whom he then still

supposed to be some mysterious person, concerning whom no questions were to be asked, and it was not until after the basin had been mistakenly identified, paid for and sent to New York, that he heard Benguiat's story, the truth of which he does not question in any particular.

Mordecai earnestly assured me that if he had known the buyer's purpose, he would have gladly *given* his basin when he sold it, through the pawnbroker, for seven dollars; but it is obvious that in such case the buyer would also have known that Mordecai's basin was not the missing one and, for that reason, he would not have wanted it.

It also became evident that a barber's basin is not such a unique curiosity as Don Horacio's friends supposed when they made their mistaken identification in the firm belief

that no other basin like the missing one could possibly be found in California. On the contrary, not less than thirteen such basins were declared or reported as extant in the near neighborhood. One well-known dealer in bric-à-brac, when interviewed by telephone, responded that he had half a dozen then in stock, lately brought up from Mexico.

"What do you sell them for?" was asked.

"Three and a half," he replied.

"Yes, but for what purpose? What are they used for?"

"Oh, anything you like — generally to put flowers in."

When these facts became known to the friends who, at my request, had taken so much trouble to seek the missing "helmet" of Don Horacio, they were very sorry that I had been led to buy another basin through

their mistake; but I strongly assured them that in the absence of the genuine thing the mistaken substitute would be very acceptable, especially because it is quite consistent with the spirit of the original story that they who seek the "Helmet of Mambrino," whether in gold or brass, may find the thing they are not looking for. Don Quixote sought a helmet of gold and found a brazen basin; and we, seeking brass, have found copper. Moreover, it is said that the enchanted golden helmet of Mambrino made its wearer invisible; and it seems most fit that the brass basin of Don Horacio should mysteriously vanish with its departing owner, who might, indeed, have wished it to be buried with him.

The search for the helmet may still go on; and while awaiting the return of Don Horacio's elusive basin, we may as well, perhaps, adopt for its

James D. Hague

present substitute the name suggested by the sympathetic detective in his bill of sale and services,

"THE HELMET OF SOMBRINO."

Clarence King

John Hay

Clarence King

WE sometimes, though most rarely, meet a man of a nature so genial, of qualities so radiant, so instinct with vitality, that in connection with him the thought of mortality seems incongruous. Such men appear as exempt from the ordinary lethal fate of the rest of us as the "happy gods" of the Greek poets. They are not necessarily fortunate or prosperous, but whatever their luck or their accidents they seem as independent of them as actors are of their momentary disguises. The law of their nature is to be radiant; clouds are to them a transient and negligible condition. While they live they are surrounded by an atmosphere of universal regard

and admiration, and when the end comes, though the mourning of their friends is deep and sincere, it is tinged with something exquisite and splendid, like the luxury of purple and gold that attends the close of a troubled and electric day.

Such a man was Clarence King. While he lived, it was our habit to believe that no real evil could befall him; and now that he is dead,—although we know we have lost something from life which made it especially precious and desirable, yet there remains a souvenir so delightful, so filled with tenderness and inspiration, that there are few pleasures the world contains so valuable as his memory in the hearts of his friends.

He possessed to an extraordinary degree the power of attracting and attaching to himself friends of every sort and condition. The cowboys

In John Hay's Library

and packers of the plains and the hills; the employes of railroads and hotels; men of science and men of commerce; the Senate and the clergy — in all these ways of life his friends were numerous and devoted, bound to him by a singular sympathy and mutual comprehension. When in middle life — if we may use this expression in reference to one who was always young — he went to Europe, he continued the same facile conquest of hearts. In this he was aided by a remarkable ease in acquiring a colloquial command of languages. Having occasion to go to Mexico, he put in his pocket a small Spanish Dictionary and without the aid of a grammar got by heart some thousand nouns and verbs in the infinitive, so that on arriving at Guaymas he was master of a highly effective and picturesque jargon which delighted

the Mexicans and carried him triumphantly to the mines of Culiacan. Afterwards he acquired a correct and grammatical knowledge of the Castilian. It was the same in France. He had read French from childhood, but had never spoken it. On arriving in Paris, where he was conducting some important business, he did not pause to gain familiarity with the spoken idiom. He attacked it with the energy of a cavalry charge, and though at first he made havoc of genders, moods and tenses, he took it as we are told the Kingdom of Heaven is taken, by violence. In a few weeks he was speaking the language with perfect ease, and was an equally welcome guest in financial, artistic and literary circles. In England nothing describes his success but the well-worn phrase of Dickens. He was "the delight of the nobility and gentry"

and not of them only, but he made friends also in Whitechapel and Soho, and even to some in the submerged fraction, the most wretched derelicts of civilization, he brought the ineffable light of his keen comprehension and generous sympathy. I introduced him once to a woman of eminent distinction, one of the first writers of our time. After he had gone, she said: "I understand now the secret of his charm. It is his kindness."

It is not for me to speak of his commanding place in the world of science: his associates and colleagues will keep that phase of his life in remembrance. I think his reputation as a great physicist suffered somewhat from the dazzling attractiveness of his personality. It was hard to remember that this polished trifler, this exquisite wit, who diffused over every conversation in which he was engaged

an iridescent mist of epigram and persiflage, was one of the greatest savants of his time. It was hard to take seriously a man who was so deliciously agreeable. Yet his work on *Systematic Geology* is a masterpiece of practical and ordered learning, and his treatise on *The Age of the Earth* has been accepted as the profoundest and most authoritative utterance on the subject yet made.

If he had given himself to literature, he would have been a great writer. The range of his knowledge, both of man and nature, was enormous; his sympathy was universal; his mastery of the word, his power of phrase, was almost unlimited. His literary product is considerable and will keep his name alive; but it bears no appreciable proportion to the literary treasures he squandered in his daily and nightly conversation. I recall with the sharpest regret of

my own incapacity of memory the evenings by my fireside, when he poured out in inexhaustible profusion his stores of fancy and invention. There were scores of short stories full of color and life, sketches of thrilling adventure, not less than half a dozen complete novels, boldly planned and brilliantly wrought out,—all ready for the type or the pen ; which now—an infinite pity !— are only of the stuff that dreams are made of.

Few men had so quick and so sure an eye for art. In that first visit to Europe, to which I have alluded, he seemed like one to whom all the scenes he visited had been familiar in some antecedent state. His time was limited, and his pace, therefore, amazingly rapid. He swept through Spain like a breeze. He had apparently no preferences. In the space of a few weeks, he covered the whole field ; he knew the masterpieces of classic and

modern painting; he was familiar with the syncopated melodies of Cuba and Malaga and Andalusia; he was an aficionado in fans, embroideries and bronzes. Nobody has felt more keenly the melancholy charm of Castile; the proof is in that exquisite idyll of the *Helmet of Mambrino.* Fastidious as he was, he was yet easily pleased by whatever was natural and genuine. I remember his horror — in the midst of his enthusiasm over Spain — at meeting an eminent man of letters from New England who had found nothing in the Peninsula to suit him, and who wound up by expressing his disgust that "from Salamanca to Cadiz you could not get a fishball."

All over Europe he scampered with the same vertiginous speed, and the same serene and genial appearance of leisure, and perfect satisfaction and delight with all he saw. The

art of Holland was as enchanting to him as that of Spain and Italy. His admiration of the great men of the past never rendered him unjust to the men of the present. His wide sympathies comprehended Velasquez and Fortuny in a kindred appreciation. He became at sight the friend of Mesdag and Israels. I took him to the studio of Gustave Doré, and in five minutes they were brothers and were planning an excursion to Arizona to sketch the war dances of the Apaches. A few days later the robust Alsatian, who seemed built to last a hundred years, was dead, stricken down by the terrible pneumonia of those years.

In England while as I have said his success was universal with all classes, his closest intimacies were with men who were occupied with the things of the spirit. Ruskin took him to his heart, entertained him at

Coniston, and offered him his choice of his two greatest water-colors by Turner. "One good Turner," said King, "deserves another," and took both.

Few men ever can have lived who loved knowingly and ardently so many things. All the arts gave him joy; his mind was hospitable to every intellectual delight, the simplest as well as the most complex. In music he enjoyed Beethoven and the latest rag-time; in painting he revelled in the masterpieces of all the schools; in poetry his taste was as keen as it was catholic; in literature he liked all styles except the tiresome; for years he read a chapter of higher mathematics every night before going to bed. He had the passionate love of nature which only the highest culture gives — the sky, the rock, and the river spoke to him as familiar friends.

John Hay

I imagine that in comparing our impressions of him, the thought which comes uppermost in the minds of all of us, is that Clarence King resembled no one else whom we have ever known. The rest of our friends we divide into classes; King belonged to a class of his own. He was inimitable in many ways: in his inexhaustible fund of wise and witty speech; in his learning, about which his marvellous humor played like summer lightning over far horizons; in his quick and intelligent sympathy which saw the good and the amusing in the most unpromising subjects; in the ease and the airy lightness with which he scattered his jewelled phrases; but above all in his astonishing power of diffusing happiness wherever he went. Years ago, in a well-known drawing-room in Washington, when we were mourning his departure from the Capital, one of his friends expressed

the opinion of all when he said, "It is strange that the Creator, when it would have been so easy to make more Kings, should have made only one."

Meetings with King

William Dean Howells

Meetings with Clarence King

THOSE who knew Clarence King better than I must have more varied impressions of him, for no one presents at all times the same moral and mental aspect to his familiar acquaintance, though he is apt to wear it to such as have no claim to his intimacy. For his intimates his moods vary and his looks, while he shows one physiognomy to those standing farther from him, whatever his mood may be. I say this not to establish a truism, but to let the reader understand how little right I should have, if I were of a mind to urge any, to speak of King with authority, or any sort of finality. What I could chiefly wish besides would be to impart the sense of a certain sunny gayety in

him which was the repeated effect of all our meetings, and which I still have from every portrait of him.

Our first meeting was in the proof-reader's room of the old University Press at Cambridge, where one was apt to meet all sorts of casual and habitual literary celebrities. He was then a young man well under the thirties, whose blondness was affirmed rather by his blithe blue eyes and fresh tint than by the light hair which was cropped close on the head where it early grew sparser and sparser. He was of a slightness which his figure did not afterwards keep, and he was altogether of a very charmingly boyish presence, heightened in effect by his interest in explaining the pith hat which he had by him on the desk where he was reading the proofs of one of his papers on *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada.* The time was the hot heart of the Cambridge sum-

King at age of 27

mer, when a pith hat was as desirable as in the California heats which he described in their relation to it. He advised one in my own case, but he met me even more sympathetically on the ground of literature, where he professed to envy me my associations.

I was then a very ardent young assistant editor, and I shared all my chief's admiration of those vivid and graphic papers of King's which he had got for the *Atlantic Monthly*. In my perfectly contented ignorance of every intellectual or moral interest outside of literature, I regarded the brilliant and beaming creature before me simply as a promise of more and more literature of the vivid and graphic kind, and of a peculiar quality unequaled in the performances of the new California school with which I classed him. Of his scientific value, then already fully attested, I had no

just conception; it was a trait the more in the character of a young author who afforded to have it in a magnificent superfluity along with his artistic gifts. It made him more picturesque, though it could not make him more pictorial than he was.

Later, I found that it had rather the first place in his self-estimate, and he amused himself in meeting my reproaches for not having done something more in literature with the answer that he was writing a book which just three people in the United States would care to read. This reply may have been first made by letter in response to my editorial entreaties for more papers like the *Mountaineering* series, for the magazine having fallen solely to me, I knew I could not do better for it. Perhaps, however, it may have been personally urged at my second meeting with him, which was at Washington, where he was

pretending to some scientific place in the government, in the intervals of actual scientific work in the West, and was putting lightly by all traditions of his literary achievement. We met at the White House, to the occupant of which, in those pleasant eighteen-seventies when everybody was reasonably young, I had been the means of introducing him with an enthusiasm which he deprecated as "din."

He was above everything indifferent to literary repute. He would have preferred not to own the things he wrote, and kept only for his reward the æsthetic delight he had in doing them. I think he had the greatest delight in them; a man who could so fit incident and character with phrases, must have had; and I believe that he always vaguely meant to write a great work of fiction, though I do not believe he would ever have done it. He

was supposed to have by him the beginning of a novel, and perhaps he had, but it was rather something to bluff his inquiring literary friends with, to dream over and fancy finishing, than ever really to expect or intend finishing.

There was doubtless something in the exactness of science which formed a pull on his poetic nature strong enough to draw him to the performance from which the vagueness of æsthetic motives and impulses relaxed him. It was easy to put these off with the self-promise of fulfilment some other time when he should feel more like it; but with a scientific problem or task before him he had to act promptly. In life, I believe, he was much controlled by what we may call the literary side of him.

I next met him in London in the crucial moment when he was trying to go down to a friend's country

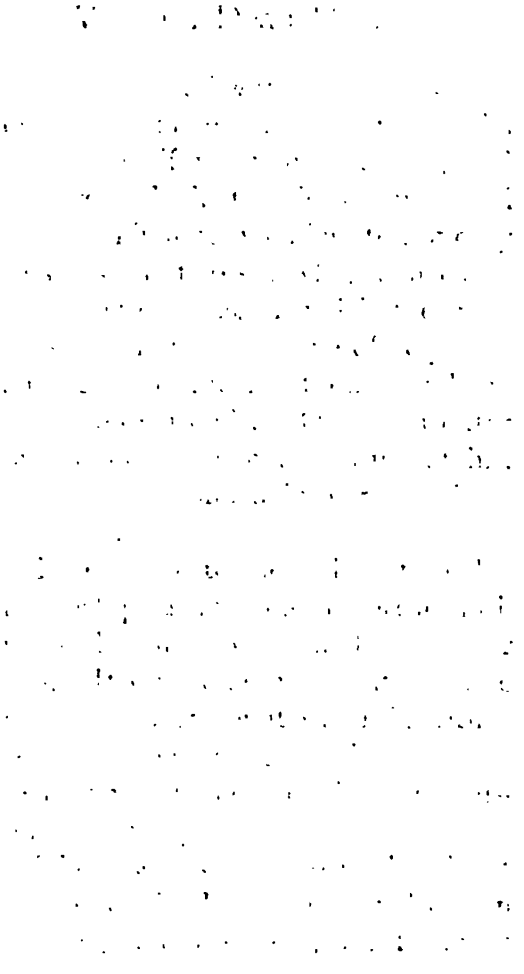
house in Scotland, and buying his railroad ticket day after day, and then telegraphing his host that he would come the next day. He was delightful, in this, at least to the witness, and he was delightful in all his talk about London, from which he had been long endeavoring to tear himself for a more protracted period with the same impossibility he found in a brief absence. He told, with the sunnily smiling eyes of our interviews at the University Press and the White House, of the fascination London had for him, in the mirky purlieus of the poorest, where you could buy for a penny a slice of wonderful pie which included the courses of a whole dinner in its stratification, not less than in the circles of the Prince of Wales set, where the young archworldlings went ingenuously about showing their vaccinations to one another, and exchanging boyish congratulations and

condolences. He was having the good time which he seemed always to carry with him, and to one so ignorant of the English as myself he might well have appeared intelligently critical, though not censorious, of them. They amused him, by their novelty of type and their frank naturalness, in the same degree if not the same kind as the wild or wilding children of the Pacific Slope and of the intervening alkaline regions. No American of his intellectual gifts and wide human experience ever got more, I should think, of the good of a sojourn among the English, which was finally extended almost to the despair of the friends wishing him home again. It was charming to hear his philosophy of them, as shrewd and penetrating as it was humorous and unfinal.

It was early in his visit, I believe, that I met him at a dinner, given by an American publisher, which was re-

markable for having at it, in the heart of London, only one Englishman, and he by birth a foreigner. The rest of us were Americans, and King surely the most American of all in a certain fine expansiveness of good fellowship. He had been in Spain, and Southern Europe generally, and had come up by way of Paris, where he had stopped and bought pictures — several Fortuny watercolors among others. "Ah," I said, hearing his joyous brags of their beauty, "what a fortunate man, to own Fortunys!" "Why, I will *give* you one," he returned; and I thought that a good bluff, and he let me laugh. But the next morning the Fortuny showed itself at my lodgings, and that is how I am still able to say to people, "Have you seen my Fortuny? Of course, I don't *buy* Fortunys; Clarence King gave it me," and then tell when and how.

I never can tell why, except that it was from a princely impulse which he must often have indulged towards others no more worthy its effect than I. He had much of the Arabian Nights in him, and liked to shine in a surprising munificence, if he could choose its object; and I suppose he enjoyed launching such a challenge at my imagination. If he might no longer write poet he could live poet, and now and again do a thing that was noble literature. He was not rich, as rich men go, and that was why he could afford pleasures that rich men, as they go, cannot or will not permit themselves. His generosity was not merely in gifts that could not wax poor through any after unkindness of his, but in recognitions that go farther yet with one in the numerous solitude where an author is always apt to find himself. His recognition was more than a nod; it



was a *stretto di mano*, something bordering on an embrace in its cordial properties, if your current story had the good luck to please his good taste. Then he would write not only to say so, but to say why, with close, yet clear reasons, in which the most evasive, the most elusive of acquaintance became the most open and immediate of friends. One such letter of his goes with that Fortuny of his, which it outvalues in very intrinsic qualities.

If I seem to be celebrating his friendship as in unusual sort an intimacy, let me say again that it never was. It was something that could be resumed wherever it was left, with a sense of common ground under the feet, in which there could be no misunderstanding.

There was somewhere a breakfast before or in between our London meeting and the next, but I cannot

securely date it, though a vivid sense remains from it of King's sweet satisfaction in bringing two persons together who tasted the pleasure he meant in making them acquainted. It might have been then that he talked of some of the people in his Western sketches, and especially of that frontier artist with the New York ambitions and longings, whose likeness he had caught but too perfectly, and who would have been willing to "take it out of him," if he had not been disarmed by King's frank *bonhomie* when they met. He liked and valued all those grotesque and rude figures, these strong and fibrous human textures of the West, but he had a sense as subtle as its own of the silken Latin and meridional temperament, and it was measurably to imagine Cuba to hear him tell of his Cuban cousins and acquaintance, who flashed and glistened

and darkled in his talk as they must have done in life.

But I am leaving him standing where I next met him, in Boston Common, namely, two years after our parting in London. It was pending that presidential election of 1884, when friends hardly knew where to find each other, or knew whether they were quite friends when they did so. But we instantly and instinctively came together on Blaine, for whom we were going to vote, in a wide literary and social isolation, because "in our bones" we felt it the right thing, rather than from any reasons better than those of our friends who were going to vote against him. King had a personal kindness to remember of him, such as his leaving a sick bed to come to the Senate and help through a bill in which King was interested, and "He stands by his friends," he said with that fine close

smile of his, which implied a gust for the quality the phrase had taken from its common politicianal use.

It was this smile which keeps his image before me as I write, which I find delicately intimated in Mr. Howland's portrait of him—an admirable likeness, I think—and which implied his gentleness and sweetness together with a kindly irony not unseldom going with such traits. The smile broadened as we left the public interest and looked at each other, to find that we had no more fallen away physically than politically. I asked if there were anything to be done about that constancy of weight, and he said "No. The fact is we like to overeat," in all philosophical if not scientific answer to the anti-obesity hopes which still lure and mock confiding middle age.

He had, as I remember him, a pleasure in the joys of the table as

generous as his other pleasures, but depersonalized by the interest he took in certain branches of the culinary technique. We next met at dinner in New York over a very specific beef-steak, in company with a poet now more venerable but not yet too old to recall his sympathy with King's zeal in concurrently compiling a gravy of which he had the knowledge and inspiration, while the talk went on of things both humane and literary, till the steak came up to have that wonderful sauce poured over it. King spoke then of that romance of his, begun as ever, but somewhat more advanced, he owned, though he owned the fact cryptically, as if he might still never suffer the cypher of its secret to be interpreted in mortal print. He talked also of things millennial, of which the air was then momentarily full, and by which his heart was moved. He confessed a feeling for

those who do the hard work of the world, that others may enjoy their ease, so great that as he further confessed, he had stayed most of that summer in town not to let an old retainer of his be left friendless there in sickness.

It was not a boast of his goodness, and I suspect that he did not like bringing up very serious things in a casual talk lest they should be too serious. The sad side of life he would keep turned inward, or at least he did to my knowledge. But there was yet one more feast at which we foregathered where the shades of melancholy and pathetic experience hovered too palpably to be dispersed by the gayety of his talk, subsiding oftener into the easier gayety of that most winning smile of his.

I did not see him again, but in the church where the words of farewell were said over him, coffined under

the chilly flowers, I had the sense of his smiling presence, with a sort of grief, which I shall not be able to explain, for the unfitness of the intense cold of the day, and of the piercing bleakness of the sunshine from which we had escaped, and into which we issued and suffered again when the words were all said. I promised myself then to try sometime and say about him the things that were in my heart, but these "trivial fond records" are not they, and I doubt if I could ever get them out. They concern what is deepest in me if not in him, for they touch that old, great, high affair of literature, and his own contribution to the vocabulary of his race and place.

What he could do was proven in the *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada* papers, which will remain his monument, and what he might further have done is attested in that

sketch of Spanish character and circumstance, *Mambrino's Helmet*, which is almost as little companioned as it is paralleled. The power of uniting himself by sympathy with an alien life while remaining humorously and critically detached from it, which he evinced in this and the earlier studies, approved him to my thinking an imaginative talent of the first potentiality; and I have to accuse myself of using the wrong word in calling that or any life alien to him. As an artist, as a realistic observer, every kind of life appealed to him for report; and he was one with it, if I may trust my reading of his work, and my conjecture of his nature. He was first of all most tolerant, which is the wisest and best thing any man can be; but he was not trammeled by his kindness in any helpless complicity. He liked the thing he laughed at, and yet he laughed, for he was both humorous

and humane; and could lose his poise no more in the presence of the grotesque than in the presence of the beautiful. He felt, or so his literature says to me, his unity with all men. From some men, from most, he was of course intellectually parted by immense distances of culture, but essentially he was the neighbor of mankind. He knew the "world" of his time far beyond all other American literary men save one, but he was not awed by it, or estranged by it from his fellow-beings outside of it. The greater the pity, therefore, that he could not have had the time or the will to write the American novel which we are so persistently expecting both of the fit and the unfit; but it is not essential to his remembrance as an American author that he should have done so. He has brilliantly fixed forever a phase of the Great West already vanished from actuality; in one glowing

picture he has portrayed a sublime mood of nature, with all those varying moods of human nature which best give it relief. The picture is none the less striking for being of a panoramic virtue; that is the American virtue, as far as we have yet got at it in our literature.

King

Henry Adams

King

DOZENS of men in this Club,* and hundreds outside of it, could give material for a little poem on the theme, "How I first knew King," with a motive quite as original and perhaps more dramatic than that of Browning's "When I last saw Waring." Every one who met him thirty years ago remembers how he bubbled with life and energy, and how his talk rippled with humor and thought quite new to our rather academic life in the East. Traces of it still hang about our book-shelves. One can recall the odor of it, and of the delight it gave us, by reading a page of his *Mountaineering*

* This paper, presented here as originally written, was intended to be read at a proposed King Memorial Meeting at the Century Club.

in the Sierras, or by only opening a volume of Bret Harte. No other place except the Sierras has produced in our time the same sense of freshness, and no one else had its whole charm except King. At least, so thought most of those who knew him. We would, at any time and always, have left the most agreeable man in Europe or America to go with him. We were his slaves, and he was good to us. He was the ideal companion of our lives.

Perhaps, like the rest, I too might try my hand on the little poem we all have the material to compose, but with your permission I will spare you; not so much because it might not bear comparison with Browning's, for that would matter little since it is not for sale; but because, when I come to think about it, I fear that the motive would cut too deep into King's life, not to mention

my own; and because, after all, the odor of youth and the pine forests is a little sacred, like the incense of the mass. We had ideals then, ambitions, and a few passions, which faded with time, and are dead, even though they may not be buried; and his are not mine to handle. They were as fresh and exciting as the air of the Rocky Mountains, and the smell of the camp-fires in which we talked till the night grew tired of us. All that had long vanished, and both of us were elderly and not very gay fragments of the past, when we took our last vacation, which shall serve for a picture of him, or the background of one, for he always seemed to make his background alive, and a part of himself.

On the first day of January, 1894, I received the following letter in King's handwriting, always a rare thing to receive, and just then par-

ticularly welcome. The letter runs thus:

"BLOOMINGDALE ASYLUM
"December 31

"MY DEAR HENRY

"I refrained from boring you with the miseries of my months of torture here, and I don't think I should ever have broken the silence were I not at last convinced that the progress of recovery, though of geological slowness, is really going to arrive at a cure.

"Early next week the Doctors are to have another consultation over my damned spine (how I reverence a polyp) and I am assured in advance that they will sanction and even command my going somewhere in the south. . . . Everything favoring I shall go. *South* I must go, and next week is to be my last in this house of madness. I shant like it so well a few months hence when Columbia

College moves in here and displaces these open, frank lunatics with Seth Low and his faculty of incurables, so I better go now.

"What do you say to taking the island trip with me? . . . I have read up a little on the Caribbees, and if any trust can be put in human testimony they must be splendid for scenery and absorbing for geology. A light opera-bouffe effect is evidently given by the extremely characteristic darkeys with their chatter and bandannas, with something serious and orchestral in the way of gumbo and pepper-pot. Rum is the agent of erosion, from all accounts. Antigua makes a celebrated dish of turtle, and grows the finest pine-apples in the solar system.

"You need have no fear of my suffering a recurrence of disability, and even if I do, you could cut my acquaintance and leave me to Alex-

ander who is a trained nurse and a monument of medical wisdom. . . . Common honesty demands that I confess that I am likely to be rather dull company for a little while, but in a few days I shall be gay enough. If my back goes up to the temperature of melted diabase, and moral viscosity sets in, I promise not to bore you with it." . . .

You all remember how King broke down in 1893, and how he went to Bloomingdale, as most of us would have liked to do, to recover from the nervous strain which prostrated the whole country, and cost hundreds of valuable lives in that disastrous year. That all one's acquaintance should retreat into asylums seemed at one time the only way to escape hopeless ruin and collapse; but at any time King might have written from anywhere without disturbing the natural

order of his unexpectedness. We were accustomed only to the unusual from him. For my own part, I would always have joined him, whether in an asylum or out of it, rather than any one else, and to that effect I must have written him. He was delayed longer than he expected in New York, but we joined company at Tampa at last, and reached Havana together before the first of February.

He had fitted himself out for a small geological exploration of the Windward Islands, but we soon found that the Windward Islands maintained a rigid quarantine against the Spanish islands, and so we had to give up the Caribbees. We could not stay long in Havana which was perfectly familiar ground. After a few days there, not caring much where we went, we crossed to Batabano, and took the coasting-steamer

along the south shore. The scenery, the movement, the pilotage, the passengers, and the appropriate bull-fighter, with his circle of worshippers, quieted our nerves for a day or two, until we turned the point of Cabo Cruz and ran into the trade-wind, which King liked as little as I did, but which a good many of our friends were to enjoy at their leisure four years afterwards; and, in the moonlight, King defied it enough to prove to me that the coast, with its volcanic peak Turquino, was to be compared for beauty with no other coast in the world except that of Central America; and so, before dawn, we ran into the harbor of Santiago. There, too, King was at home;—Where was he ever a stranger? He seemed quite happy as we tramped in the dark up the streets, and pounded on the doors of inns which would not open, and which, when

they did open, showed quarters more Spanish than I liked. He loved everything Spanish, even the Spanish inn. That was his nature. When he liked anything, he liked it all. One felt colorless by his side, and, what was not altogether pleasant, one felt the truth. One's energies relaxed; one felt oneself a drag on him. In this case I was put there to serve as a drag,—perhaps even as a drug,—and conscience did not mortify me too much; but the relation was always the same, and the nervous restlessness of 1894 was, if anything, weaker than the exuberant energy of 1870. He loved the Spaniard as he loved the negro and the Indian and all the primitives, because they were not academic. Above all he loved a paradox — a thing, he said, that alone excused thought. No one, in our time, ever talked paradox so brilliant.

You can see, therefore, how little chance I had of keeping him amused. Had I been a Cuban negro, it would have been easy, or a Carib or a brigand; but unless I could find some way of reverting, step by step, through all the stages of human change, back to a pithecanthropos, or much better, a pithecgunai, I could not keep King occupied for twenty-four hours. I could not even handle a machete, or herd a bull, or dance the *culebra*. He had to get the priest to show me how. For such eccentric types, the little town of Santiago was then a marvellous garden of survival. Nowhere in the world had I ever seen anything more amusing, and I thought it a Heaven-sent harbor for us two worn-out craft to rest in. Four years later all America rang with the fame of Santiago, and especially with the name of Ramsden, the British Consul, but at that time King alone knew

him, as he knew everyone; and of course Ramsden loved King, and received him with open arms. I will not stop to tell you how kind the Ramsdens were, for that has nothing to do with the story, except that it was through Ramsden that his partner, Mr. Brooks, was interested in King, and offered him his country house at Dos Bocas. You may guess how eager I was to accept the offer. Of all havens of rest for the old and weary—of all bits of earthly Paradise —Dos Bocas was my dream; and, if I tell you the dream, it is only to show what became of havens of rest when King lighted there.

Many of you know Dos Bocas, a few miles by the little railroad from Santiago to Cristo, near the top of the valley. The woods come close down to it; a small stream, not so very common in Cuba, runs through it; and the trade-wind draws down

the valley with a passion for the palm trees such as only tropic winds feel. Dos Bocas was far more Spanish than Spain, and the mule-trains rambled up and down the trail, defying the railroad to compete, while, as far as I know, there was not a cart-wheel nearer than Santiago, but there were plenty of interesting people and some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. It seemed to me that we could do no better than stay there forever, or till we were forcibly removed. As a background for King it was better than the South Seas; it was better than Mexico; indeed, I was the only serpent in it; harmless enough, but, as of old in the Garden of Eden, a predestined victim.

At first all went well. Every morning we rose with the sun and rambled out over the hills, after the usual manner of the geologist; and returned before the sun grew too hot, to break-

fast and doze in the shade till it grew cool again; but within very few days King showed signs of coming to the end of his interest in science and landscape. Even paradox failed to stimulate him. Alarmed for fear of being turned out on the hot world again, I began to take a profound interest in geology and to dispute every view he held. Unluckily, he knew only too well that I could not tell the difference between a trilobite and a land-crab, and we disagreed entirely in regard to a favorite theory of mine that if we could get deep enough down into the archæan rocks, we should find President Eliot and the whole Faculty of Harvard College, besides all the geologists there; but, when at last I went to the length of asserting with much temper that a lump of coral was obviously a recent lava, he lost interest even in dispute, and threw me over. In fact King's

real interest was not in science, but in man, as he often said, meaning chiefly woman. You remember his famous aphorism: "Nature never made more than one mistake, but that was fatal; it was when she differentiated the sexes." In his instincts I think he regarded the male as a sort of defence thrown off by the female, much like the shell of a crab, endowed with no original energy of his own; but it was not the modern woman that interested him; it was the archaic female, with instincts and without intellect. At best King had but a poor opinion of intellect, chiefly because he found it so defective an instrument, but he admitted that it was all the male had to live upon; while the female was rich in the inheritance of every animated energy back to the polyps and the crystals. If he had a choice among women, it was in favor of Indians and negroes, but if a wo-

man was only old enough and ugly enough, and wore a red bandanna round her head, King was sure to be in her cabin, drinking coffee, and talking negro-Cuban dialect that was invented for the occasion, and getting from her all the views of creation in which she was rich.

This sort of social dissipation was not so safe in Cuba then as it may now be. In the province of Santiago in those days, among the country-people, one was sure of finding only two settled principles,— rebellion and brigandage. King did not object to rebellion, but he adored brigandage. Within ten days he knew all the old negroes in the district, and began to go off at night to their dances, and bring back tales of the old rebellion, and mutterings of the coming one, besides stories of the brigands who still held out against the government, and arrests

constantly being made, and visits to patriots in gaol and out, until I pondered in silence, with more doubt than ever, whether Bloomingdale was to become the last refuge of sanity, since, outside of Bloomingdale, the world was obviously more insane than within it.

The situation was really not unlike one of Frank Stockton's novels. There were two elderly men; baldheaded; gray-haired, or at least sable-silvered, like Hamlet's father; literary and scientific gentlemen of a respectability that appalled even the Knickerbocker Club and themselves; persons who had never even been in gaol or the police-court, and who carried a sort of aureole of title-pages round their heads to protect them from vulgar sunshine; and these two professors were plunged suddenly up to their necks in a seething caldron of barbarous passion as though they

were missionaries in the Fiji Islands or New Guinea. Carelessly, as though we were hanging about this Club, we were inviting, every day, accidents of a kind that were every day occurring. At any moment a file of Spanish soldiers might walk in, and not bid us goodbye until we were safely on board the steamer for Nassau and New York; and the only obvious reason for not locking us up, or sending us off, was that, if the governor began, he could never stop, for, as far as King could see, every man, woman, or child in the entire province was a rebel or brigand or both.

For myself I saw the humor of the situation rather acutely. · Sticking to the habit of wandering off, every morning, across the mountain ridges, and through the by-paths of the forest, it was always sure that some of King's friends of the night before were not far off; and their reputa-

tion and appearance warranted me in thinking that, as I walked by their huts, they were making a fairly correct estimate of my money-value to King, and of his to me, by way of ransom. They had every means of reaching the best sources of information while King was practising the *danza* under their instruction; and there were among them a certain number of gentlemen on whose heads the Spaniards had set a price. I thought the situation mixed, especially when connected with the exploits of a very celebrated bandit named Daniele who owned the whole country, except where the Spanish patrol rode. King himself was a little at a loss to know how he stood in relation to this neighbor. Señor Portuondo invited him to ride one day some thirty miles into the interior to examine a coal-seam, and King was somewhat surprised when their party was joined on the

way, in an interval between coffee-drinking, by a stranger on horseback whose name and business were not mentioned, but whom King believed to be Daniele. He remarked on his return,— for a patient just released from Bloomingdale, he thought a sixty-mile ride in a tropical sun, on a diet of the strongest coffee-and-brigands, might suggest new views to his doctors.

We were told afterwards that the gentleman known as Daniele was caught at a festival, by the Spaniards, of course by money, and shot where he stood; but we heard only of his exploits, and of certain dramatic murders he committed. I thought it all the more interesting that he left us alone. I took for granted that we were under some one's protection; probably that of Mr. Brooks; but there are black sheep even among brigands, and it

was by no means always that Mr. Brooks could protect himself. I have been curious to know whether King's rebel-friends had a share in our comforts; but however that may have been, nothing happened. Everyone was kind and hospitable. Of a Sunday morning the neighbors brought a brace or two of fighting-cocks over, to let us have a cock-fight in our own court. With Ramsden we rode up to the Gran Piedra and passed the night under the stars. No one ever so much as asked a question,—Spaniard, Cuban, mulatto or negro,—but every man, woman and child expected the revolution that was coming, and counted on King for a friend.

We stayed at Dos Bocas a month, and then King became restless again and insisted on going to Nassau. Of our subsequent wanderings it would be easy to make a story, but I am not telling a story; I am only

drawing a moral, and to make it stand out more distinctly I have ventured to use Santiago for a background. Much greater persons have done it before me, as you know, with more success than King and I then dreamed of; but when that man Daniele, if it really was Daniele, told King that the rebellion was coming, it seemed to me that I had better offer no obstacle to leaving our Paradise. My business was, if I had any business at all, to keep him quiet, away from excitement, out of mischief. Remember that King took his companion with him for that purpose; and certainly you do not need to be told that he could not have selected, even among his enormous acquaintance, a more quieting influence than he chose. It stands to reason that if he could have found another peripatetic literary man older than himself, of quieter habits, with

more respect for conventions, more deference to authority especially when unreasonable, more devotion to all Administrations and Constitutions, in short, with more admiration for principles and powers of every sort, and society in all its dogmatic forms, —he would not have chosen the man he did. You may take it for certain that in all America there was no person on whom his restless energy was likely to have so little effect as on me. Now, my moral belongs here, and it is the measure of King's nature. To him it mattered little that, a year after our stay at Dos Bocas, Maceo and Gomez raised the standard of rebellion, and our Cuban friends were swept into it. He found it natural and easy to follow them, and he flung himself into it, as you remember, with all his old energy of feeling. When I saw him the next winter, he was already deep in it. I

tried mildly to show him that the cost even of success would be too awful to warrant encouraging a hope of it; and that, with Wall Street against, and Boston to a man, and Grover Cleveland, and the Century Club, and only he and I for it, success was altogether out of sight. To him that sort of desperate odds was an amusement, and alone gave sufficient play to his energies. This was well enough for him; the trouble was that of all great energies, that the influence never ended with himself, but dragged his friends into its vortex; and in this particular instance converted a harmless and respectful servant of all established authority—particularly of despotisms—into the patient ally of the most uneasy and persistent conspirator your Club ever nourished in its bosom.

He won that stake, in spite of my prophecies, as he had won many

others, almost as desperate; but that was not the point to us who were his friends. The point was his singularly sympathetic energy which carried us with him whether we would or no. To do us justice, I do not think we greatly cared whether he was right or wrong. As he put it, only one thing is certain—Nothing is right! His only ultimate truth was the action, not the thought. To him, all science and all life were in that law, which, after all, is the only result of his generation—the law of Energy. Those of us who gladly and carelessly gave ourselves up to his influence and let him swing us as he liked,—those he loved, and his gayety and humor played about them to the last, when gayety was the very last of emotions either in his mind or in ours. The last letter I have from him was written in the spring of 1897; he wrote about a trip to Mexico which

I could not take because I was obliged to go to Europe. Not but that I would have instantly thrown Europe over to go with him to Mexico; and this last chance is now one of the regrets of my life:

"I grieve that you cannot go to Mexico with me," he said; "all I lack is a pessimist addicted to water-colors and capable of a humorous view of the infinite. It is hard lines to go alone, for the only real fun is to watch the other fellow. Come along, and I will, in the secrecy of the primeval woods admit the truth of all your geological criticisms of me; and I will even execute in advance an assignment of half the brown girls we meet. Moreover I will be a second La Farge, and never tell. Dear me! I will do anything you like. I will read your complete works; go to England with you in June, and help sustain Hay under the sodden

weight of British aristocracy; or in short anything, if you will sing that little Cuban song: 'Yo me voy contigo!'"

We were touching sixty years old when he wrote this. He was struggling desperately under a load which was sure to break him down; and as for girls, brown, black or yellow, they had about as much interest for us as a phonograph. If he wanted me with him it was because he knew that I was anything but a gay companion, and that with me he need make no effort. Yet it was instinctive with him to call for companionship on his own youth, and he was really thinking not of me, but of the pine woods of 1870; the Sierras; the Rockies; and the brown girls. We both knew that it was all over; that thenceforward his energies were to be thrown away; that the particular stake in life for which he had

played was lost, by no fault of his, but by those strokes of financial bad luck which broke down fully half of the strongest men of our time; we both knew that the struggle was too desperate to be kept up much longer; but he remained the best companion in the world to the end.

Clarence King

John LaFarge

Clarence King

IN my early acquaintance with Clarence King, I fancied a resemblance between him and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. I still think there was something, perhaps merely in the shape of the head, which justified the impression. And notwithstanding the very distinct New England side of King, there was something, the mark of which seemed to connect him with such Southern terms as might belong to a Spaniard or a descendant of a Spaniard. In his picturesque accounts of dealings with the people whom we think of as belonging to Spain, there seemed to be always a subtle appreciation of their character, a manner of fitting into it which took away from the appearance of a

stranger talking about strangers. Not that he was not amused, and perpetually so, by the differing characteristics of the other race. Indeed those of us who remember the wondrous anecdotes beginning in the middle and ending nowhere, concerning various characters of different persons, partook also of the keen representation of far-away manners of thought and living. This appreciation of a charm in certain strange characters was probably the expression of what we call the artistic temperament. The artist certainly trains himself in the faculty of putting himself into another's place. However free his judgment may be, his imagination builds for him the circumstances of the other form of life, or manners, or mind. And the mind can be that of an artist without the training of the eye and hand that is professional.

John LaFarge

Clarence King fitted naturally into the ways of thinking of artists. He knew many of them. He was an early appreciator of many. He may be said to have been one of the early discoverers of certain men, and there remained in him this manner of discovering what he liked, of inventing his own enjoyment, not taking it ready-made from others. When he described his likings there was a freshness to the appreciations which was specially his own. It seemed quite natural that he should have made the accidental acquaintance of Mr. Ruskin through sudden remarks uttered at some picture dealer's, when King, not knowing with whom he was discussing, argued upon a number of subtle points which to him were evident. The famous writer appears to have been delighted by the value and form of these sayings or criticisms

and the ensuing acquaintance was one of the many gracious episodes in Clarence King's European experience.

King's collecting of paintings and drawings began somewhere about this time, and we can all who knew him remember how remarkable was the choice of what he gathered and how unexpected. The little dark room in the old Studio Building in Tenth Street held paintings and drawings and stuff of all kinds fit for museums. He might say to a friend, as he has to me, "By the bye I have a Turner or a Millet somewhere here," and then bring out from behind trunks and the other deposits, which his nomadic life obliged him to warehouse, some example of the artists. Then, we remember also that he liked to lend. It pleased him to have others enjoy what he had not the time and the place for. There remained in his

mind a wish to find an abiding home for all these things, and many times he described to me the manner of place where he might rest with these treasures about him. But they were not referred to in his talk. The place was built by his imagination for its beauty. When he described to me what he proposed to do, there was usually some reference to the forms of art which were familiar to me. As an instance: he had planned, if I may so describe a mere figment of the imagination, one great room in this dream-building, where, high up, above windows and doors, a manner of frieze should run around a large space filled with the most beautiful of stained glass, and continuing mentally the memories of his visits to Mr. Ruskin, and his seeing the drawings of Botticelli, he suggested that stories from Dante's *Divine Comedy* give the motive for this decoration. We had

many improbable devisings for this dream, both of us united in the memories of the wonderful drawings. This delight in the imaginary use of the splendor of glass in some way practicable but novel or unknown, brought him at once to propose with me a scheme, which I still think worthy of our having worked it out together. This was when the project of the tomb of General Grant had been proposed to the public. Our notion was to have filled the drum, or perhaps even the curves of the dome, with the richest and deepest of figured glass, built, if I may so express it, into the walls or the structure, and not a mere fitting in as windows. This was on his part, as also on mine, a looking forward to a future which is certain to come. The experience of the last few years in the development of that wonderful material has pointed out how rational would be the

use of glass combined with the structure. This imaginary tower would then have been like the glory of the interior of a great jewel in the day, but at night would have sent out a far radiance over the entire city, making as it were a pharos, a light-house, to be seen from afar by night, as well as by day, and dominating the river as well as the land. Of course this was too poetic and ideal a structure to be accepted at the date we proposed it, but I cite it as one of the manners through which King's many-sided nature found employment.

I keep, naturally, to these relations with Clarence King on the side of art. Others beside myself have enjoyed the wonderful way through which he would expound scientific theories, and give to them all the charm of a story, and leave his hearer believing that he, too, understood quite well the scientific basis of the

elucidation. Others, better than myself, could describe the charm of his stories, of his recitals of adventure, the poetic completeness of these recitals. Whenever he came back from any trip, things had happened to him which only the mind and eye of a constant enjoyer of human nature could have met with. If only he had written them out! They will probably have perished; and yet even the very names of the tales, as we have christened them, contained the proposition of picturesque and strange amusement. Who that has heard the story of the Hen and the Gondolier but has wished to see it written out to give an example of the curious chances of Western life?

Behind this there was a great mirage of a possible future of some mine, the very record of which was in itself romantic. When the resulting fortune should come, the artists were to

have a chance, were to help make use of it for beautiful things.

I have kept to these few words which connect our friend and myself with the ideas of art, with the manifold interests which belong to that side of the intellect. It will be for others to talk of him in the ways through which they knew him more intimately than I did. It is difficult to believe that the brilliant, anxious, many-sided mind has passed away and has left so little of a record for those sides in which some of us knew him, but which to the great public were unknown.

King—"The Frolic and the Gentle"

Edmund Clarence Stedman

King—"The Frolic and the Gentle"

FROM the first he had the grace to put me on close terms with him, although we seldom met when he had not just come from a distant region or was departing for some other point as far. In this wise, I could not free myself from the illusion that he was a kind of Martian—a planetary visitor, of a texture differing from that of ordinary Earth-dwellers. It seemed quite natural that he should map out the globe, and bore through it to see of what it was made. Now that he is gone, I am still looking for his casual return.

There was one occasion which I did not share with others of his pres-

ent celebrants: a period when I had him to myself, and when he began an episode eventful in even his own full life. This was nothing less than that of his initial visit to the Old World. By chance, with a son in his first year out from Yale, I left New York, in the spring of 1882, on the same steamer which numbered on its passenger-roll Clarence King, and another mining-expert, at that time his partner. Of course I had read with admiration, a decade earlier, the *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*, and often had wondered why its luminous author had not shone continuously in our literature. I should have wondered the more that I had never met him, had I not seen his name figuring in those society lists that were quite alien to my quiet round of life. But at dinner we were at the same table. He was good enough to make the advance, and to

claim a whimsical consanguinity on the score of our Clarentian prenomina. Now, I knew that he was a famous government geodeticist, but had no conception of his temperament. Perhaps he took me with equal seriousness. At all events, he was more on his dignity, or gravity, than I ever afterward saw him. In the starry evening we walked the deck together, and talked of public affairs, books, etc., soon wandering to scientific research and discovery, concerning which I eagerly listened to his theories of matter, vortex rings, the Earth's structure, the chances of a future life. I doubt if there was a laugh between us, and am sure that I never again found him so long in one humor. Nor was there anything in this thorough-bred, travel-dressed, cosmopolitan to suggest that he had not spent repeated seasons upon the hemisphere to which we were bound.

"The Frolic and the Gentle"

Out on the blue, the next morning, what a transformation! As I have said, it was in fact King's first opportunity to visit Europe, strictly off duty, and with means that seemed to him beyond the dreams of avarice. He broke out into a thousand pranks and paradoxes. Freedom was what we both needed, and my own reserve was at an end the moment I saw him changed from the dignitary to a veritable Prince Florizel with the tray of tarts, offering lollipops right and left. He and his comrade, I was speedily made to know, had "struck it rich" in a mine and were independent for life. His motto for one summer at least was "*Vive la bagatelle.*" His frolic was incessant and contagious. Here was my overnight philosopher with double-eagles in his pocket, one of which he periodically flipped in the air to decide wagers made upon every possible pretext

between himself and his decidedly less buoyant colleague. He jested, fabled, sparkled, scorned concealment of his delight. Indeed, I verily believe that I then had the rare fortune, at the beginning of our friendship, first, to learn the resources and conviction of his noble mind, and in a trice to enjoy the ebullition of his mirth and fancy on some of the happiest days of his existence.

He had with him a Gargantuan letter of credit. From a slip in his wallet he took and showed me a single draft for a thousand pounds, a very sacred special fund, which was to be piously expended for some one work of art, his roc's egg, his supreme trophy—in fine, the most beauteous and essential thing he might come upon in this tour. All this as gravely as if he were a Knight of the Grail, or meditating in the end to

shift to America the Hotel Cluny or a court of the Alhambra.

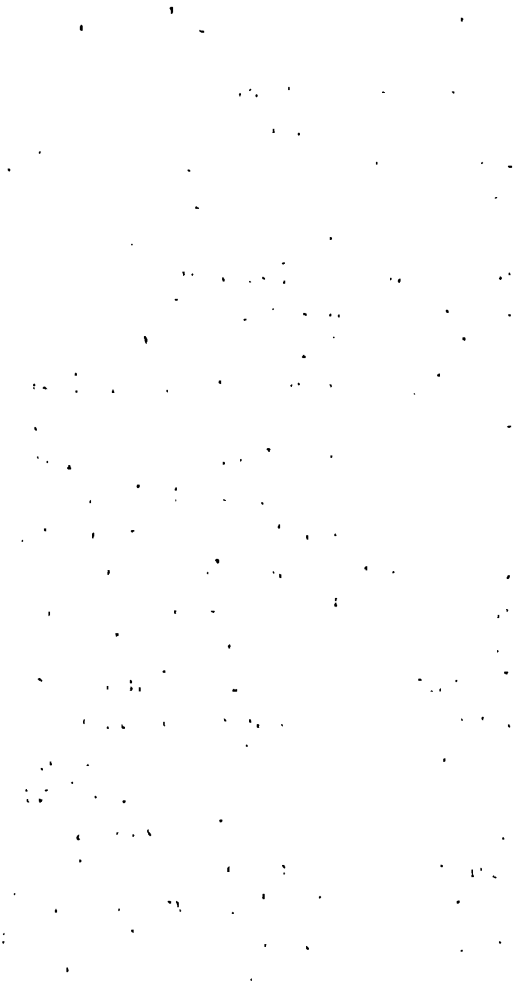
Among the many wagers which he forced his staid comrade to accept was one that compelled the loser to take the four of us, young and old, to Epsom on the Derby Day that would occur soon after our arrival in London. King lost this bet, plainly by his own intent. Everything was to come off in the traditional style—that the Scriptures might be fulfilled to the uttermost, as indeed they were. From the White Horse Inn, Piccadilly, a fortnight later, we took the road and shared its carnival, on the finest tallyho obtainable; whip, guard, lackey, hampers and all. Nothing was omitted in the going and coming. It was a brilliant day; our coach rounded to in the center of the field, as in Frith's picture, and there were the gypsy tumblers on the green, the lunchers, the Prince

of Wales, the race—with the Duke of Westminster's colors to the fore. Yes, and we saw a welcher mobbed, and everything else was accomplished; and I still cherish a fading tin-type exhibit of our group on the tallyho, lifting our cups, with King as toastmaster.

Our Prince of paradox would not bide another day in London, but sped to France, leaving me a bearer of ill tidings to those who knew he was coming, and whose desire to welcome him taught me that he was an international character. When I overtook him in Paris he was on the eve of going to his longed-for Spain; not, indeed, to tarry even there, but to push right through to Morocco or Algeria, upon the trail of a certain unique shawl, or curtain, or tapestry, which he alone must possess. Of his return to Spain, his social life in France, his conquest of England, his

blood-brotherhood with Ferdinand Rothschild, and of the *spolia opima* brought back to America,—are they not all written in the book of the hearts that held him dear?

Thus have I told how Pantagruel found Panurge, whom he loved all his life thereafter. I do not know whether it was on this ornamental journey that Clarence King's genius led him to the imperishable Helmet of Mambrino, now hung (by proxy) from its arm of wrought iron in the upper chambers of the Century. Whether it was then or afterward that he conceived his epistle to Don Horacio, and therewith imprisoned the very soul of Spain in the flask of his translucent English, the feat was equally enduring. Nothing comparable to the flavor of his style is to be found elsewhere, unless in the fantasy of his fellow-Centurion to whose loiterings in Mexico we owe *San An-*



tonio of the Gardens and successive companion-pieces. King's speech and writ were iridescent with the imagination of the born romancer. Judge of the statue by the fragment, and think of what was lost to literature by the fact that it was not his vocation, but his accomplishment. Nor was it his lot to escape enrollment with the inheritors of unfulfilled renown by winning, like the most distinguished of his poet friends, a place in history as one of the arbiters of civilization, and one of those who shape the destinies of their own lands. None the less, the by-play of some men has a quality unattained by a host of devotees who make its acquisition the labor of their workaday lives.

Quis desiderio sit pudor! As I humbly stood on one side, that arctic morning when the choice and true followed his remains down the aisle,

I knew that deep in the souls of all, however freezing the bitter wind, the memory of King was enshrined forever, and that his Manes would have no cause to make complaint of benefits forgot.

King at the Century

William Crary Brownell

King at the Century

I FIRST met King in the old club-house of the Century Association in Fifteenth Street and rarely saw him outside of our club surroundings — save on occasions that were for the most part but a projection of Century comradery. It is therefore only as a fellow habitué — not quite the same thing as a member, merely — of the Century, that I may venture to speak of him in the companionship of his older and closer friends. We had, indeed, in familiarity with Newport, a common tie of which it would be difficult for any one without these associations to appreciate the force. But in every other respect — which is to say in a great many other respects

—the debt I am conscious of owing to King I owe to the Century also for an acquaintance that began there and there ripened into a friendship of which, like his other friends, I was destined to receive proofs that were not only substantial but touching as well. And I think it is interesting witness of the scope of this Association's influence and the character of its atmosphere, that a sentiment of such vivacity and such substance as that with which King's memory is there cherished by so many who did not know him elsewhere, can be born and fostered in its friendly and familiar environment.

It is an environment to which he was evidently and exquisitely attuned, and which framed and set off both his lighter and his graver activities of mind to harmonious advantage. Of every group of which

he formed a part he was extraordinarily apt to be the centre, and a society where "superiorities" are, though not perhaps "discountenanced," at least rather thoroughly tested, was often cordially content to figure as a background for the relief of his shining sprightliness. He was the ideal clubman because he illustrated in an ideal degree the Epicurean ideal. He was so constituted as fastidiously to desire to make the most of the Epicurean principle, to get the best out of its practice. Hence his luxuriousness itself — and he had this quality in an eminent degree — was charged with energy. No one ever saw him lounge or loll or doze — except expressly. He did not know what enervation was. His movements were rapid; his step was quick; he never strolled. His enjoyment was invariably marked by zest rather

than tranquillity, though it never lost equipoise in exuberance. Even his invalidism was characterized by activity. It left him essentially untouched. For his energy, in spite of what he accomplished with it, was essentially a state of mind even more markedly than it was an agent of accomplishment. And to us in the Century it was exhibited mainly, perhaps, in the guise of an extraordinary alertness.

He was alertness incarnate. His senses seemed sharpened to a degree seldom exemplified in persons confined largely — as was necessarily his lot — to the society of their inferiors in interest, experience and capacity. Any material served him to file the edge of an appreciation that little escaped and nothing dulled. His perceptions seemed never to sleep. It was interesting to observe him observe. He always detected your do-

ing so, and always amusedly played the game with you. Part of his genius, to which all of his friends testify, for friendship (which has been defined as *rien que s'entendre*) resided in this alertness, in virtue of which he "always understood." Often before you had completed your communication—*à demi-mot*—he had been there—everywhere—before; but he was none the less alive to the *nuances* of your report of the country. He simply could not be bored. His faculties were in a constant state of functioning and one excuse seemed as good as another for their exercise. He saw "good in everything" when it was kind to see it, but his acuteness preserved him from illusions. Such as he had he cherished, rather wittingly, one guesses, and they were the mirage of his fancy, which was prodigious, and never due to defective vision.

Was there ever so good a talker? And why was he so good? I fancy because, for one reason, he never forgot himself in his subject. He never, in fact, forgot anything. Everything in the environment, whatever the environment might be, lay cosily in his mind in a state of the most complete realization. Nothing ever possessed him; so far as his own purposes went he was master of all his material. Inattention was impossible in his presence. He noted it with the quickness of the predatory eye and charmed it into interest at once. To quote words applied to a different spirit: "He was a man to whom the ball of conversation was really a ball, and not an anvil or a barrel of flour." But though he loathed the didactic, he loved discussion; in fact, one of his fondnesses was to start a topic. Whatever your mood, something penetrating from him would

awaken reverie into active thought, or something paradoxical electrify lethargy itself.

Paradox perhaps enjoyed the hegemony of his mental states. If he can be said ever to have leaned on anything among the multitude of phenomena that he touched, paradox may be called his reliance. He had an undoubted predilection for its undoubted stimulus — and indeed it is not an anodyne; but his distinction in this respect was that he never pressed it. To have succeeded in persuading you to share it would have sapped his interest in it. He never expected discussion to lead to anything. Sometimes indeed he would not permit it to. It was its art that attracted him. He enjoyed "travel, not arriving." I fancy he thought that things capable of settlement had been settled long since. Conclusions might have had an anterior evolution,

but its stages doubtless seemed to him of almost geologic length and ancientness. Those he reached were satisfactorily airy. Such as his decision, after long reflection, that "a painter should always paint in his third manner." The deeper ones he never, in general talk at least, touched upon. His tact was unfailing here. His religion, for example, he said, was like his teeth, both were inherited and both, so far as he knew, were sound. Nor was he one of those talkers who will listen with pleasure, but if you are silent talk themselves unremittingly—the necessity of talk by some one being their subconscious major premise. He made *you* talk. If you had no subject he supplied one and made you interested in it. On the other hand, he would not only quite as readily talk about your subject, but contrive to give you the notion that he was

eliciting what you had to say. It was a part of his inexhaustible entertainingness that he made you feel comfortable and copious, as if you were a real contributor to the conversation.

One fancied him tingling with consciousness, so thoroughly aware of himself and what he was doing, how he was appearing, as to produce the happiest possible effect. Inspired by native tact and educated taste and a large social experience he marshaled his forces and conducted his campaign with an easy vigilance that ran no risks and made no blunders. Of course this implied complete freedom from the embarrassment of *self*-consciousness on one side and from any pose or other exhibition of vanity on the other. If he took an interest in surprising, even in startling, you, as undeniably he did, it was an interest quite impersonal and artistic.

Nor, I think, did he expect *you* to experience any other — certainly not to be led very far astray by any intensity of interest or to be permanently disoriented by credulity pushed to the point of *naïveté*. To his alertness and agility of mind any open-mouthed contemplative resting in the mere fact—whatever the marvel he was divulging — must have seemed stagnant, rather than active, appreciation. In proof of which one has only to recall the fact that the phenomena he was fond of relating were always of an illustrative rather than of a final character. Occasionally, perhaps, he left you to divine their bearings, their ulterior significance. But that they had such was the source of their interest for him.

For, after all, his extraordinary activity of mind was something more constructive than mere alertness — however multifariously exhibited —

implies. His alertness insensibly passed over into the realm of the imagination and blended beautifully with this rarest of faculties. His imagination was, as Mr. Cary has discriminatingly pointed out, "his dominant, at moments his dominating quality." At moments assuredly it held him quite enthralled within an almost hypnotic control, and he followed its beckoning with the confident eagerness of ecstasy. But for the most part he was on terms of complete understanding with it and checked and tested its suggestions with the sagacity that gave its pronounced scientific turn to his mind. It was largely a matter of the material on which his imagination—the constant factor in his equation—worked. At work it always was. And, exercised on serious and important substance, it reached commanding heights. It led him to very solid

achievements in science. And in the field of letters it was the inspiration of one of the very few books that have a clear title to be called unique. *The Helmet of Mambrino* is a charming, an original, thing, and a striking illustration of his versatility. But it is a trifle compared with his *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*, which is, in its way and considering its proportions and necessary limits, a work of imagination of a very high order. It is the portrait of a period and place and people painted with the firmest strokes, the individual impressions on which it is based generalized into typical interest and focussed into vitality by the writer's imagination as by a sun-glass. It is a book of which it is difficult to speak without exaggeration. It stands so completely by itself that it is hard to find the comparison that fits it. And it is a significant thing, I think, that the

qualities which naturally and unaffectedly produced an imaginative masterpiece in a field merely collateral to the field of its author's specific work in life, should be the same qualities which attached and endeared him in an extraordinary degree to the varied and appreciative but not unexacting membership of the Century Association. It is indirectly a demonstration that he gave us his best, and what that was has, since his untimely death, been already too poignantly missed ever to be forgotten.

Century Necrological Note

Edward Cary

Century Necrological Note*

CLARENCE KING was born in Newport, R. I., January 6th, 1842, his father being James King, of the old China firm of King, Olyphant, & Co. He was prepared for the classical course at Yale, but chose the Scientific School and was graduated in 1862. Almost from the portals of college, he and his college mate, James T. Gardiner,—*par nobile*,—set out, in the spring of 1863, to cross the Plains with an emigrant train for the purpose of seeing the whole interior of the continent, King making, during the four months' journey on horseback, careful geological

* Reprinted from the Report of the Board of Management of the Century Association for the year 1901.

observations and notes. The experience probably shaped the course of his scientific career. During the next three years he was engaged on the geological survey of California under Prof. J. D. Whitney, with Prof. William H. Brewer in charge of the field work. He was an assistant to Prof. Brewer in the exploration of the Northern Sierras and the region about Mount Shasta; in an exploration of the southern part of Sierra Nevada, in which King discovered and named Mount Whitney and Mount Tyndall; and with Gardiner made a geological and topographical survey of the Yosemite Valley. With the same companion he undertook and partially completed a survey of Arizona, but the party was obliged to give up the work on account of the attacks of the Apaches. The next summer, 1866, King and Gardiner made a survey of the Sierra

Nevada east and southeast of the Yosemite Valley.

It was during this trip that they discussed the idea of creating, under the United States Government, a geological and topographical survey, crossing the country from California to the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, and making a geological and topographical cross-section of the whole system of the Cordillera of Western America. The winter of 1866–67 King spent at Washington, and succeeded in interesting General Humphreys, Chief of Engineers, and the Government officers and members of Congress in his plans to such an extent that the Geological Survey of the Fortieth Parallel was authorized and he was placed in charge, reporting to General Humphreys. The work was begun in 1867 and completed in 1872, and several years were spent in the

study of the facts and in the preparation of the report, which remains the record of the most important scientific work of its kind up to that time undertaken and the foundation of much that has followed. In 1878 the United States Geological Survey was organized, and King was made its first Chief, serving until the close of 1881. In the eighteen years since he had entered on his work on the Pacific Slope, years of untiring activity and study, he had made brilliant and substantial contributions to science.

He had also found time for some notable work as a geological and mining expert in the famous Mariposa mines, in the Comstock mines, and in the exposure, made with singular acuteness and swiftness, of the "salted" diamond fields of Wyoming. The rest of his life was devoted to the exercise of his profession, in which he attained emi-

nence. But he cherished the hope of completing an authoritative study of the physics of the early globe, on which he spent much time and labor and money. He undertook a series of difficult and elaborate experiments to determine the action of the primal constituents of the early globe under the conditions of heat and pressure assumed to exist, when the material of the earth was separated from the sun. These were interrupted by business reverses and ill health some eight years since: but he had gone far enough in his investigations to make a reasoned estimate of the age of the earth, which was accepted by physicists in England and Europe, Lord Kelvin among them, as more nearly definitive than any other.

What King might have been had he turned to literature is shown in his scientific studies and reports,

models of clear statement of clear thinking on difficult subjects; in his youthful sketches of *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*, and in a few fugitive articles such as *The Helmet of Mambrino*, of which Mr. Stedman conclusively says that "any writer might be glad to be judged by it."

Had he lived a few days longer, King would have been threescore; but we think of him,—so vigorous, when last he was with us, was his bearing, so bright his winning glance, so swift and kindling his unique intelligence,—as Milton thought of *his* friend King:

"Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer."

It is more than a quarter of a century ago that he joined the Club; a little while since he described it to an enquiring foreign visitor as "the rag, tag and bobtail of all there

is best in our country." The phrase is instinct with his gay veracity of paradox. He was himself a blend of varied qualities and gifts, that were not always ready to keep the peace one with another, but the collective manifestation of which was to his fellows a constant joy. The talk he made or evoked may be equalled by those who are to come after; it can never be matched. Its range was literally incalculable. It was impossible to foresee at what point his tangential fancy would change its course. From the true rhythm of Creole gumbo to the verse of Theocritus, from the origin of the latest *mot* to the age of the globe, from the soar or slump of the day's market to the method of Lippo Lippi, from the lightest play on words to the subtlest philosophy, he passed with buoyant step and head erect, sometimes with audacity that invited

disaster, often with profound penetration and with the informing flash of genius. It is but a suggestion of his rare equipment to say that in his talk, as in his work, his imagination was his dominant, at moments his dominating, quality. Intense, restless, wide-reaching, nourished by much reading, trained in the exercise of an exact and exacting profession, stimulated by commerce with many lands and races, it played incessantly on the topic of the moment and on the remotest and most complex problems of the earth and the dwellers thereon. And within a nature brilliant and efficient beyond all common limits, glowed the modest and steady light of a kindness the most unfailing and delicate. The good one hand did he let not the other know; both were always busy, laying in many lives the foundations of tender and lasting remembrance.

King's "Mountaineering"

Edward Cary

King's "Mountaineering" *

CLARENCE KING'S *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada* is the single volume of literary work which this strong and gifted man permitted himself in his active career as a scientist. Most of the sketches, fourteen in number, were originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in the sixties, and four editions of the book were brought out by James R. Osgood & Co., then publishers of that magazine, previous to 1874. Nine of the sketches bear date previous to 1866, when King was in his

* Reprinted from *The New York Times*, Saturday Supplement, January 10, 1903. A review of the fifth edition of *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*, by Clarence King. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902. $1.50.

twenty-fifth year, and one gets a better notion of the writer by keeping this fact in mind. It is revealing to remember that the intercourse of the reader is with a lad but two years out of the Sheffield School at Yale.

It is significant, too, of the reach and energy of his remarkable nature that he so early had sought the scene of his work and study on the Pacific Slope with the purpose of making himself acquainted with the geography and the geology of the route across the continent and had traversed that route in an emigrant train. On the journey he gathered the information on which was based the plan, afterward carried out under his guidance, for a geologic and topographic survey of the fortieth parallel, a cross section of the whole system of the Cordillera of Western America, probably the most important single contribution ever made to

the scientific knowledge of the continent. And this in turn was the basis of the formation of the United States Geological Survey, organized in 1878, of which he was for four years the Chief. In these papers, then, we have the first fruits of King's peculiarly rich and variously endowed intellect.

The first paper, *The Range*, was probably written latest as an introduction to the others: at least, the first half of it, which is a succinct statement of the geologic history of the western part of the continent from the base of the Sierra Nevada to the Pacific. We wish it were practicable to quote these dozen pages, they are so satisfactory as the presentation in lucid form and logical order of a mighty chapter in the records of the planet. The reader with the slightest equipment of scientific imagination rises from their

perusal with the progressive changes in the vast dynamic drama clearly and impressively portrayed on the tablets of his memory. The region to which they relate ceases to be a mere stretch of the earth's surface, varied with mountain and plain. It becomes the present stage of the results of forces more than world-old, forces that were not new even when the planet had not yet been gathered from the nebulæ, and which are still working their tireless will toward further results that may not be imagined. The vivid interest and the splendid scope of the impression thus bestowed on the mind of the reader are enhanced by and, in no small degree, are due to, King's remarkable literary gift.

There is in these pages a vital harmony between the subject matter and the form. It cannot be analyzed; much less can it be described or ac-

counted for; least of all can it be resisted. It stimulates and energizes while it charms the mind. It gives, in its own way and in its field, an intellectual reaction akin to that given by certain passages of Shakespeare in which he explores the depths of human consciousness, and every inflection, every cadence thrills with the solemnity and the vastness of the subject. If any of our readers think that this is an extravagant suggestion, we invite them—and if they accept the invitation they will thank us for it—to read the paper we refer to, and, after reading the whole of the little volume, to return to this chapter and test the renewed impression.

Quotation is possible only in limited amount, and it must necessarily be somewhat misleading, since it cannot give the effect of the whole. But we venture a brief passage describing the volcanic period intervening

between the uplifting of the Sierra at the ocean's edge and the glacial period, including the appearance of the Coast Ranges:

"In the late tertiary period a chapter of very remarkable events occurred. For a second time the evenly laid beds of the sea-bottom were crumpled by the sinking of the earth. The ocean flowed back into deeper and narrower limits, and, fronting the Sierra Nevada, appeared the present system of Coast Ranges. The intermediate depression, or sea-trough as I like to call it, is the valley of California, and therefore a more recent continental feature than the Sierra Nevada. At once, then, from the folded rocks of the Coast Ranges, from the Sierra summits and the inland plateaus, and from numberless vents caused by the fierce dynamical action, there poured out a general

deluge of melted rock. From the bottom of the sea sprang up those fountains of lava whose cooled material forms many of the islands of the Pacific, and all along the coast of America, like a system of answering beacons, blazed up volcanic chimneys. The rent mountains glowed with outpourings of molten stone. Sheets of lava poured down the slopes of the Sierra, covering an immense proportion of its surface; only the high granites and metamorphic peaks reaching above the deluge. Rivers and lakes floated up in a cloud of steam and were gone for ever. The misty sky of these volcanic days glowed with innumerable lurid reflections, and at intervals along the crest of the range great cones arose, blackening the sky with their plumes of mineral smoke. At length, having exhausted themselves, the volcanoes burned lower and lower, and at last

by far the greater number went out altogether. With a tendency to extremes which 'development' geologists would hesitate to admit, nature passed under the dominion of ice and snow."

As an example of style of King in quite a distinct direction, we allow ourselves one other short quotation, a description of the effect of the view from the top of Mount Whitney:

"The day was cloudless and the sky, milder than is common over these extreme heights, warmed to a mellow glow and rested in softening beauty over minaret and dome. Air and light seemed melted together, even the wild rocks springing up all about us wore an aspect of aerial delicacy. Around the wide panorama, half low desert, half rugged granite mountains, each detail was observable, but

In a Mountain Camp

a uniform luminous medium toned without obscuring the field of vision. That fearful sense of wreck and desolation, of a world crushed into fragments, of the ice chisel which, unseen, has wrought this strange mountain sculpture, all the sensations of power and tragedy I have invariably felt before on high peaks were totally forgotten. Now it was like an opal world, submerged in a sea of dreamy light, down through whose motionless, transparent depths I became conscious of sunken ranges, great hollows of undiscernible depth, reefs of pearly granite, as clear and delicate as the coral banks in a tropical ocean. It was not like a haze in the lower world, which veils away distance into a soft vanishing perspective; there was no mist, no vagueness, no loss of form or fading of outline — only a strange harmonizing of earth and air. Shadows were faint, yet defined, lights

visible, but most exquisitely modulated. The hollow blue which over Mount Tyndall led the eye up into vacant solitudes was here replaced by a sense of sheltering nearness, a certain dove-colored obscurity in the atmosphere which seemed to filter the sunlight of all its harsher properties."

The reader can gather from these imperfect examples what is the charm of King's descriptive writing. His narrative is not less attractive. We know of no writing devoted to climbing that is more satisfying, that brings the thing more clearly to the view or enlists more closely the sympathetic interest. A considerable part of the book is occupied with personal adventure and with character sketches, which are excellent in their way. No tale of escape from robbers was ever more thrillingly and compellingly told

than "Kaweah's Run." Few more realizable pictures of strange human life were ever painted than those of the Newtys of Pike and the artist of Cut-off Copples's. Indeed, quite apart from its rare literary merit which justifies its claim as an American classic, and the peculiar vividness and scope of scientific statement, the book has a unique value for the light it throws on a vanished life in a region at once important and picturesque.

Clarence King—Geologist

Samuel Franklin Emmons

Clarence King—Geologist*

CLARENCE KING was born at Newport, Rhode Island, on the 6th day of January, 1842. He was the only son of James Rivers and Florence Little King. His ancestors were among the early settlers of New England, and all, as far as known, of English extraction. Among them were an unusual number of cultivated men, graduates of colleges, or distinguished in the learned professions, in whom can be found traces of the many and varied accomplishments in science, literature and the arts that were so happily combined in their brilliant descendant.

*A partial reprint of an article published in the *American Journal of Science*, March, 1902.

Clarence King—Geologist

Daniel King, the emigrant, who came to Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1637, was a younger son of Ralphe Kinge of Watford, Hertfordshire, England. His great-grandson, Benjamin, moved from Salem, Massachusetts, to Newport, Rhode Island, and, according to family tradition, was a man of scientific tastes, who occupied himself with philosophical instruments and assisted Benjamin Franklin in his early experiments in electricity. Samuel King of Newport, son of the latter and great-grandfather of Clarence, was a portrait-painter of merit, who numbered among his pupils Washington Allston, and Malbone, the miniaturist. On his mother's side, one of King's great-grandfathers, William Little, was a graduate of Yale in 1777, and received an honorary degree from Harvard in 1786. Another, Ashur Robbins, graduated from Yale in

1772, was United States Senator from Rhode Island 1825–39, and received the degree of LL.D. from Brown in 1835. His grandfather, William Little, Jr., who died early in life, was noted as a linguist and a scholar. His grandmother, Mrs. Sophia Little, poet and philanthropist, was a woman of remarkable public spirit, energy and decision of character, who retained her mental and physical vigor in a most remarkable degree up to the time of her death in 1893, in her ninety-fifth year.

His immediate King ancestors were pioneer merchants in the then highly remunerative China trade, his grandfather, Samuel Vernon King, having been as early as 1803 a partner in the commercial house of Talbot, Olyphant & King. Four of the latter's sons succeeded him in that business, the house later becoming

known as King & Company. James, the second son, married at the early age of twenty-one, and was obliged to leave his young wife before the birth of his first child, Clarence, in order to take the place of his elder brother in China. By a singular fatality, three out of the four brothers died in the far East, and the house of King & Company became bankrupt during the crisis of 1857 through the loss of one of the company's steamers, which, under the charge of a confidential English clerk (also named King) was carrying a large amount of specie to meet their liabilities at another port. In this disaster was involved the property of James, which had remained in the firm since his death at Amoy, China, in 1848.

The young mother, left a widow at twenty-two, devoted herself to the education of her only son, learning with an inherited facility both classical

and modern languages that she might teach them in turn to him, and thus was founded a close intellectual companionship which lasted until his death.

King's early boyhood days were spent at Newport, but he received his principal school education in the endowed high-school at Hartford.

As a very young child he showed symptoms of a decided bent toward the study of natural phenomena, which was further developed during long summer vacations, spent in fishing, hunting and botanizing in the Green Mountains.

In 1859 he became a member of the Sheffield Scientific School, and during the two following years acquired a systematic grounding in the sciences of geology and mineralogy under the inspiring teachings of James D. Dana and George J. Brush, at that time their foremost exponents.

Among his fellow-students who have since become eminent in their respective professions were O. C. Marsh, Arnold Hague and Samuel Parsons. He graduated in 1862 with the degree of B.S., being among the first students of the Scientific School to receive a degree from the faculty of Yale College.

During his college course, he was a leader among his mates in athletic sports, as well as in study of nature, being captain of a baseball team and stroke oar of a racing crew.

During the winter following his graduation, he was, for a time, a student of glaciology under Agassiz, and later became a devotee of the Ruskinian schools of art study under the leadership of Russell Sturgis.

In May, 1863, in company with his lifelong friend, James T. Gardiner, whose health had broken down under too close devotion to his studies,

King started on a horseback trip across the continent. Upon reaching St. Joseph, Missouri, then the western limit of railroad communications, they were invited to join the party of a well-to-do emigrant family, whose favor King had unconsciously gained by his characteristically tender care for their children during the latter part of the railroad journey. Their line of march followed, in general, what was known as the Old Fremont route, up the North Platte river and the Humboldt river in Nevada. The rate of travel of such a party was necessarily very slow, and the young explorers, being mounted on good horses of their own, were able to make excursions into the neighboring mountains for the purposes of exploration and study, which, owing to the hostility of the Indians, were not always without danger.

After having crossed the deserts of

Nevada, they left the party to visit the then famous Comstock Lode. On the night of their arrival in Virginia City, the house in which they were staying caught fire, and all their belongings were lost. Nothing daunted, King went to work at days' wages in a quartz mill to earn sufficient funds to enable them to continue their journey. In a few weeks they started again, crossing the Sierra Nevada on foot, and proceeding by boat from Sacramento to San Francisco. On this trip an incident which led to their making the acquaintance of Prof. William H. Brewer, then assistant on the Geological Survey of California, proved to be the turning-point in their careers.

King's professional work as a geologist may be said to have commenced with his acceptance of the position of volunteer assistant geologist on the Geological Survey of

California under Prof. J. D. Whitney. During the three years that this connection lasted the work was largely exploratory, for as yet even the geography of the country was but imperfectly known. It thus gave full scope to the enterprise, energy and powers of endurance that characterized him during his whole life. In spite of his youth, he soon became a leader, especially in the exploration of the high mountain mass of the southern Sierras discovered by him, whose highest peak, Mount Whitney, still holds the palm as the highest point within the United States (excluding Alaska). During the winter of 1865–66 he also made an exploration of the desert regions of southern California and Arizona as scientific aide to General McDowell, which involved much hardship and no little danger.

Of even more importance for his future work was the familiar

knowledge of the different varieties of volcanic rocks, acquired during field studies around the extinct volcanoes of the northern Sierras and in association with his friend Baron von Richthofen, and in which for many years he stood pre-eminent among geologists of his time.

King's earliest scientific achievement on the Survey was the discovery, during the study of the gold mines of the Mariposa estate in 1863, of fossils in the highly metamorphosed slates of the gold belt of California, a discovery that solved the problem of their age which had long puzzled Western geologists.

In the autumn of 1866, after his return to the east, he judged that political conditions were then most favorable for the realization of a plan that had gradually been shaping itself in his mind ever since he first crossed the continent, viz.: that of connecting

the geology of the East with that of the West by making, under Government auspices, a survey across the whole Cordilleran system at its widest point.

There had been considerable apprehension during the dark days of the Civil War lest California, physically isolated as she was at that time, should separate from the other States and set up an independent government. The subsidizing of the transcontinental railroads was the first step towards overcoming this isolation and binding her more closely to the East. In King's judgment a second, hardly less important one, would be the development of the mineral resources of the country thus to be opened up; and this could best be accomplished by making a thorough geological survey of that region.

During the winter of 1866–67, which he spent at Washington, he was so

successful in impressing this view upon Congress, that not only was an ample provision made for the geological exploration planned, but King himself was placed in absolute charge of it, subject only to the administrative control of General A. A. Humphreys, Chief of Engineers.

In these days, when the West is covered by a network of railways, it is difficult to conceive the obstacles that had to be encountered at that time in carrying out so ambitious and, as some then thought, so chimerical a plan as that which King had conceived. Of the transcontinental roads, but a few miles at either end had yet been constructed. The territories of Utah and Nevada were represented on most maps of the day as one broad desert, and it was doubted whether sufficient water and grass could be found there to sup-

port a camping party. Everything had to be specially created for the purpose, and, after the party had reached California over the Panama route, it took three months to prepare the necessary camp outfit and to carry them to their field of work. Even after this work was well under way there were times when it seemed that obstacles ahead were almost too great to be overcome, but King's energy and resourcefulness were equal to every emergency, and he soon succeeded in inspiring all the members of his party with such confidence in his leadership and in imparting to them such measure of his own enthusiasm that they never faltered in their devotion to the work, even though the three years originally planned were subsequently extended, by the unsolicited action of Congress, to seven.

In recognition of the legitimacy of

the public demand for a direct application of the results of government geological work, King pushed first to completion a scientific study of the ore deposits of the region surveyed; more particularly of the great Comstock Lode, whose enormous silver product was then disturbing the monetary system of the country. This work, written conjointly by himself and James D. Hague, appeared late in 1870 under the title of *Mining Industry*. It was described by one of its most capable critics as "by itself a scientific manual of American precious metal mining and metallurgy." It is considered classic among the works in its line and has served as a model for similar monographs which have since been published under Government auspices and done so much to raise the mining industry of America to its present high position.

In 1870 he discovered on the slopes of Mt. Shasta the first actual glaciers known to exist in the United States; and in their study made observations that are credited with first suggesting the true origin of the kettle-holes and kames of New England. His later discovery in the summer of 1874, that a line of islands along the southern coast of New England formed a part of its terminal moraine, had much influence in inducing the later systematic studies of the continental glacier.

The field-work of the Survey was completed in 1873, but it was 1877 before the respective specialists had been able to work up the amount of material gathered, for it was one of King's fundamental principles that abundant collections should be made in the field to illustrate all the natural phenomena observed, and the lithological collections alone numbered about five thousand specimens.

In 1874, he sent one member of his corps to Europe to study the methods of European geological surveys and to obtain the best and latest geological literature, with which at that time American libraries were but scantily provided. He, also, instructed him to confer with Prof. Zirkel, then the greatest microscopical petrographer of the day, and to induce him, if possible, to visit America and study in the presence of the collectors their collection of rock specimens, for at that time no American geologist had any practical knowledge of this new branch of geology. From this visit resulted Zirkel's volume on microscopical petrography, which marked the opening of a new era in geological study in the United States.

King reserved for himself the final summarizing of the work of his assistants and the drawing of general conclusions and theoretical deductions

therefrom. This he wrote in the winter of 1877–78, and published in a quarto volume of more than eight hundred pages under the title of *Systematic Geology*. It has been characterized as the most masterly summary of a great piece of geological field-work that has ever been written, and is used to this day by university professors of geology as a model for their advanced students.

King's crowning service to geological science in America followed shortly after the completion of the Fortieth Parallel work. After two of his field seasons had demonstrated the practicability of geological map-making in the West, the Wheeler Survey was inaugurated under the Engineer Department of the Army, and the already existing Hayden Survey later adopted his example in making topographical maps as a basis for its geology, employing for this

purpose the Fortieth Parallel topographers after their term of service in the latter Survey had expired. The work of these two organizations became so popular that each desired to cover the whole of the unsurveyed area in the West, and their rivalry in time became so intense that the influence of either party with Congress was used to curtail the appropriation allotted to the other. As a final result of this rivalry the time came when there was serious danger that all government aid for geological work would be cut off. It was mainly through King's influence among the leading scientific men of the country and his tactful management of affairs in Congress that this crisis was averted. The question was referred to the National Academy of Sciences, and their recommendations, which were on lines laid down by him, were finally adopted by Congress, and on

Samuel Franklin Emmons

March 3, 1879, a law was passed establishing the United States Geological Survey as a bureau of the Interior Department. President Hayes, after consultation with the best scientists of the country, appointed Clarence King as the first director of the new Bureau. King accepted the appointment with the distinct understanding that he should remain at its head only long enough to appoint its staff, organize its work, and guide its forces into full activity. At the close of Hayes's term, he offered his resignation, but at the President's request, he held over until after the inauguration of Garfield. The latter accepted it, on March 12th, 1881, in an autograph letter, expressing in the warmest terms his appreciation of the efficiency of King's service and his regret that he did not find it possible to remain longer in charge of the Geological Bureau.

Brief as was the duration of his administration, his influence, being exercised at the critical period of the Survey's existence, left a lasting impress upon it. He outlined the broad, general principles upon which its work should be conducted; and its subsequent success has been in a great measure dependent upon the faithfulness with which these principles have been followed by his successors.

Foreseeing the important part that the development of its mineral resources was destined to play in the future progress of the country, he judged that, while not neglecting the more purely scientific side, its work should be primarily devoted to the direct application of geological results to the development of these resources. It has been because the people at large have realized its practical success in this line that the Survey has been more richly endowed,

and thus better able to carry on its purely scientific work, than any organization of its kind in the world.

King set the very highest standard for its work, and showed remarkable judgment and knowledge of character in his selection of the men who, in their respective branches, were best fitted to keep it up, as nearly as possible, to this standard. In his establishment of a physical laboratory for the determination of the physical constants of rocks, he took a step in the direction of the application of methods of exact science to geological problems so far in advance of the average standards of the day that its importance was not generally realized until long after.

In all his after-life, he maintained a lively interest in the work of the Survey, and kept closely in touch with his successors in office, who frequently consulted him on important questions of policy.

After his retirement from government service, he came much less frequently into personal contact with scientific men, for he had little sympathy with that phase of scientific activity which is represented by academies and societies.

He had been elected a fellow of the Geological Society of London in 1874, and of the National Academy of Sciences in 1876. He was, also, a life member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, but he rarely attended the meetings of any of these associations and never contributed to their proceedings. He found his recreation from business occupations rather in social intercourse with his many friends and admirers in the literary and artistic world, yet he was not forgetful of his chosen profession, and through all the varied occupations of an intensely busy life he still continued his inves-

tigations into the deeper problems of geology, to carry on which had been one of his motives for giving up administrative duties on the Geological Survey.

In his financial affairs, King had difficulties to contend with that few of his friends realized, and which would have completely discouraged a man of less sanguine and buoyant temperament.

At two successive periods in his youth, those to whom he would naturally have looked for financial support were overwhelmed by commercial disaster, leaving him to provide not only for his own wants but for those of other members of his family. In his later life circumstances entirely beyond his control more than once baffled or annulled the efforts he was making to establish himself on such a financial basis that he would feel justified in applying his entire time

to his chosen pursuits in science and literature. He was consequently obliged to devote more of his time and energy to the directly remunerative side of his profession — that of the mining engineer — than he otherwise would have done. This was especially true of his later years, though even in earlier life his services had been not infrequently sought in cases of great moment.

He owed his prominent position in this profession not alone to his ability and experience as a geologist, which exceeded that of most of his fellow-workers, but to his high standard of personal integrity and the rapidity and acuteness of his judgment. These qualities were early illustrated in an incident which gave him perhaps greater prominence in the financial world than any other act of his life —his exposure of the diamond fraud of 1872. An apparently well authen-

ticated discovery had been made of diamonds in sufficient quantity to affect the diamond markets of the world. Although its position was kept carefully concealed, through the intimate knowledge of the country possessed by his assistants, King was enabled to determine that it must be located in an area already surveyed by them, and at once fitted out a party to examine it. When this examination, undertaken primarily in the interest of science, had proved that the alleged discovery was an elaborate and skillfully planned fraud, it was his prompt action and unshakable integrity alone that averted a financial disaster which threatened to rival that of the Mississippi Bubble of Law.

In the many important mining suits in which he served as scientific adviser, and which involved most difficult and complicated problems of

geological structure, combined with their still more difficult interpretation under the terms of the United States mining laws, he was generally intrusted with the legal as well as the scientific management of the case. As he made it a practice to never trust the eye of another, but to verify every fact by his own personal observation, he obtained such a thorough knowledge of his subject that the most skillful lawyers were unable to shake his testimony by their cross-examination.

In his examination of mines, he visited almost every part of the American continent, and thus acquired a personal familiarity with deep-seated phenomena that it seldom falls to the lot of a geologist to obtain. Hence he was exceptionally well equipped in this, as in other respects, to carry on the investigations he had undertaken into the problems of the interior of the earth.

In 1890, Brown University conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL. D. That he received no public recognition of his later scientific work may perhaps be ascribed to its peculiarly unobtrusive character which gave rise to the erroneous impression that he had abandoned science altogether.

It is difficult to fairly judge King's scientific publications in the light of the present day, for they were written just before the opening of an era of great change in the methods of geological investigation, a change which has thus far proved destructive rather than constructive in its results. Many of the fundamental theories of geology which prevailed at that time have been disproved or abandoned, while as yet there is no general acceptance of those which have been put forward to replace them.

In June, 1877, he delivered the address at the thirty-first anniversary of the Sheffield Scientific School on "Catastrophism and the Evolution of Environment." It was a protest against the extreme uniformitarianism of that day, based largely on the geological history of the Cordilleran System as developed during the work of the Fortieth Parallel Survey. This uniformitarianism he characteristically described as "the harmless undestructive rate (of geological change) of to-day, prolonged backward into the deep past." He contended that while the old belief in catastrophic changes had properly disappeared, yet geological history, as he read it, showed that the rate of change had not been so uniform as was claimed by the later school. While a given amount of energy must evidently be expended, he reasoned, to produce a given effect, yet

the expenditure of this energy might be extended over a very long time, or crowded into a comparatively short one; and his observations showed him that at certain periods in geological history, the rate of change was accelerated to such a degree that the effect upon life produced was somewhat catastrophic in its nature.

Of his great work upon systematic geology, the larger part—that which outlines the geological history of the Cordilleran System—stands as firmly to-day as it did when written, as a correct and authoritative exposition. In view of the circumstances under which the field-work was originally done, its essential correctness, even in matters of minor detail, is considered surprising by those who have since had occasion to make detailed studies of portions of the area covered.

In the more theoretical sections,

while he necessarily did not take into account the great number of new facts which have been established by more recent work, especially in the domain of microscopic petrography, he showed such grasp of his subjects, and such originality and power of thought, that his views constituted not only an important advance over those of the day, but they were suggestive of the lines of investigation that have been most fruitful in the modern advance of geological science.

For instance, in his discussion of the reason for the changes from acid to basic eruptives within the individual groups, which he proposed as a variation from the natural order in age of volcanic rocks, as laid down by Richthofen, he advanced views very suggestive of the modern conception of differentiation in eruptive magmas.

Again, in endeavoring to account

for the formation of those types of granite that pass into gneiss and crystalline schists of essentially the same chemical composition, but which show no evidence of having been subjected to such excessive heat as would produce liquefaction, he called in the agency of the immense pressure to which such rocks would necessarily have been subjected. While the long years of combined field-work and microscopic study of modern petrographers, made since King's theory was enunciated, have proved that the structure of crystalline schists *is* due to pressure, they do not go so far as he did in assuming that the end product of such mechanical pressure might be granite.

Perhaps his most enduring theoretical discussion of that time was that on hypogeal fusion, in which, accepting the validity of the physical arguments against the fluid interior

of the earth, he discusses and rejects Hopkins' theory of residual lakes and Mallet's conception of local lakes produced by mechanical crushing. He then advances an hypothesis of his own which may be called that of a critical shell, or *couche*, between the permanently solid interior and the outer crust of the earth, which is above the temperature of fusion but restrained from fusion by pressure. In this, therefore, the opposing forces of pressure and temperature hold themselves reciprocally in equilibrium, but when this equilibrium is disturbed, as for instance, by a sudden change of the relative position of isobars and isotherms—say by local erosion and rapid transfer of load within limited areas—local lakes of fusion would be created. Iddings, in his *Origin of Igneous Rocks*, says of King's treatment of this subject: "By the breadth of his treatment and by better and

fuller data he advanced the problem of the origin of the various kinds of volcanic rocks far beyond the point reached by any of his predecessors."

In his chapter on Orography, King says, in speaking of the causes of crust motion: "I can plainly see that were the critical shell established its reactions might thread the tangled maze of phenomena successfully, but I prefer to build no farther until the underlying physics are worked out." He was at that time already very strongly impressed with the imperfection of the then existing knowledge of terrestrial thermo-dynamics and the indispensability of more exact data in this branch of science for a rational discussion of the fundamental problems of geology.

This idea found a practical outcome a few years later in the establishment of a physical laboratory, immediately after his assumption of

the Directorship of the United States Geological Survey. His earnestness and energy is shown by the fact that instead of waiting for the slow action of Congress, he defrayed the cost of the delicate apparatus necessary for this work out of his own pocket. The credit of the brilliant physical investigations carried on in that laboratory is naturally due to Professors Barus and Hallock, who conducted them, but it was King's acumen and good judgment that was responsible for their selection, and his action that made it possible for them to carry on their work. To himself, as he says ten years later in his paper on "The Age of the Earth," * he reserved the privilege of "making geological applications of the laboratory results." The experiments on the physical constants of rocks contem-

* *The American Journal of Science*, vol. xlv., Jan., 1893.

plated were to be directed to the determination (*a*) of the phenomena of fusion, (*b*) of those of elasticity and viscosity, and (*c*) of those of heat conductivity, each considered with special reference to their dependence on temperature and pressure.

The paper on "The Age of the Earth," mentioned above, is his only published result, and was but an earnest of what he had planned to do. This was an attempt to advance to new precision Kelvin's estimate of the Earth's age deduced from terrestrial refrigeration. It consists mainly of a mathematical discussion of the Earth's thermal age as determined from various postulates presented by Laplace, Geo. H. Darwin and Lord Kelvin, and based on Barus' determinations of the latent heat of fusion, specific heat, melted and solid, and volume of expansion between the solid and melted state, of the rock

diabase. This is followed by a critical examination of other methods of determining the Earth's age—by tidal retardation, by sun-age and by variations of eccentricity. After a careful scrutiny of all the data on the effect of pressure on the temperature of consolidation, King concluded that, without further experimental data, "we have no warrant for extending the Earth's age beyond 24 millions of years," an estimate which, as the result of a somewhat more extended discussion, was afterwards confirmed by Lord Kelvin himself. (*Smithsonian Report*, 1897, p. 345.)

His further investigations along the same general lines on the fundamental principles of upheaval and subsidence were in an advanced stage of completion when they were cut off by his untimely death.

It is practically impossible to adequately characterize King's literary

work, for the greater part of what he did was never published, and very likely never even written. It was his habit to work out in his head any subject which interested him, even down to its minutest details, before putting a pen to paper; once this was accomplished to his satisfaction, he wrote with such ease and rapidity that the words actually flowed from his pen. Probably one reason that he did not write more was that his own literary taste was so refined and exacting that he was never thoroughly satisfied with his own conceptions. In his scientific writing, there was generally some imperious necessity that made it urgent upon him to give his results to the public in spite of the imperfections he might still see in them, but in literature such necessity rarely appeared. What he did publish he himself held in comparatively light

esteem, but in the opinion of the best literary writers of the day, with most of whom he was on terms of friendly and intimate intercourse, his writings, and even more his affluent and delightful talks, disclosed a literary quality that might have given him a foremost place among American men of letters.

He was a man of remarkable intellectual versatility, and has been probably as widely known and appreciated for his literary as for his scientific ability, though his published literary writings have been singularly few in number. The recollection of his consummate art as a conversationalist and raconteur, of the delicate wit and irrepressible humor that showed itself at times even in his scientific writings, of the kindly spirit and refined courtesy that characterized his every action, and of his irresistibly attractive smile, has left

behind a mingled feeling of pleasure and regret among all who had the privilege of knowing him.

King was a man of remarkably robust physique, and showed throughout his physically arduous life powers of endurance that are rarely equaled; yet it was one of the penalties of the highly sensitive and nervous organization, which rendered possible his marvelously acute and delicate perception, that he was subject to sudden and almost unaccountable break-downs in which he suffered intensely. His last severe illness was an attack of pneumonia in the early part of 1901, which followed an examination of a mining property during very inclement weather. From this he recovered, but tuberculosis, the seeds of which were supposed to have been sown during a trip to the Klondike during the previous summer, made such rapid

progress during the following months that, after several changes of climate in the vain hope of ameliorating his condition, he finally passed away, quietly and without suffering, on the 24th day of December in the year 1901.

It was part of his characteristic unselfishness that he effectually discouraged all offers on the part of friends and relations to visit him — visits which might have cheered his last lonely days in that far distant region.

Clarence King's School-days

Daniel C. Gilman

Clarence King's School-days

CLARENCE KING was brought to New Haven by his widowed mother some years before he entered college, and they dwelt on Church Street opposite the house of President Woolsey and close by the house of Dr. Bacon. His appearance at that time I recall distinctly. He had the same bright face, winning smile, agile movement, that we knew in later life. Soon the two, then and always a devoted pair, went to Hartford, where, if I am not mistaken, Clarence was a pupil in the historic grammar school founded by Edward Hopkins. Although his aptitude for letters was inborn and inbred, he chose the scientific courses at Yale, in place of the academic, and he entered the Sheffield Scientific School in 1859.

That department of the college was just emerging from its cradle and beginning the remarkable progress for which it has been in later years so highly distinguished. The number of students was not large and they had easy and familiar access to the professors. The name of James D. Dana gave prestige to the faculty, and he exerted a powerful influence, though not by the process of methodical instruction. William D. Whitney, the eminent philologist (with whose brother, Josiah D. Whitney, the distinguished geologist, King was afterwards associated on the Pacific Coast), was then teaching French and German at the Sheffield. George J. Brush, already distinguished as a mineralogist, was the life of the school, and his superb collection of minerals was freely opened to all qualified inquirers. The chemist was Samuel W. Johnson. Chester S.

Lyman taught practical astronomy, and introduced his students to the art of making observations in the field. William A. Norton taught surveying. William H. Brewer, who had a great deal to do with King at a later period, did not join the faculty until two years after King had received (in 1862) the diploma of a Bachelor of Arts. These names are thus recalled in order that some of the influences may be remembered under which this promising scholar was trained. He did well in his studies, but, after all, King would have risen to distinction without the aid of pedagogics. He was alert, independent, quick to receive impressions, ready to act on his own impulses, fond of literature and of science, with that token of genius which is said to be "the art of lighting one's own fires." In short, he graduated one of the most promising, as he became one of

the most brilliant, of the Sheffield graduates.

Not long after his courses were finished he set out for California by the overland journey, before the railroad was built, expecting there to become acquainted with J. D. Whitney, to whom he carried an introduction. James T. Gardiner, his life-long friend, went with him. I well remember the letters that came from the young geologist describing the incidents of his long journey, and I hope that their fresh and characteristic sketches are not lost beyond recovery.

This record of his boyish days may end here. Others will tell the story of his active career, which included a survey (with Gardiner) of the Yosemite Valley; mountaineering in the Sierras and the ascent of Mount Whitney; the organization and direction of the Fortieth Parallel Survey,

and his contributions to its publications; the remarkable detection of the diamond fraud; and finally his appointment as the first Director of the United States Geological Survey, — a remarkable record achieved by one whose boyhood was full of promise, whose education was as good as the country could afford, and whose manly energy, enthusiasm, and good sense enabled him to overcome great difficulties, win encouragement and support, and hold a station of responsibility and influence with credit and renown.

Biographical Notice

Rossiter W. Raymond

Biographical Notice *

CLARENCE KING was born January 6, 1842, at Newport, R. I. His ancestors on both sides were New Englanders, of English blood, and among them not a few distinguished themselves in art, science, politics or commerce. . . .

His father died in 1848. The young mother, widowed in her twenty-third year, devoted herself to the education of her only son, pursuing for herself many studies, that she might teach him; and becoming at the outset, as she remained always,

* A partial reprint from the Transactions of the American Institute of Mining Engineers. Certain portions of Dr. Raymond's original paper have been omitted because dealing with matters already covered by other contributors to this volume.

his sympathetic and competent intellectual companion. On his part, he began as a "mother's boy"—best of all beginnings!—and as a mother's boy, maintaining still in undiminished fervor and unstained purity the filial reverence and affection of childhood, he ended—best of all endings!

His early years were spent at Newport. At about thirteen he entered the High School at Hartford, Conn. He had already shown the characteristic qualities of physical strength and activity; love of nature and the natural sciences (exercised in hunting, fishing and botanizing during summer vacations in the Green Mountains); an almost equal passion and appreciation for literature and art; great powers of entertaining conversation; singularly quick observation and wonderful memory, and (as the poet Stedman lately said of him) "the gift of friendship"—a gift which Mr. Gard-

iner, his schoolmate at Hartford, declares to have been as marked in him at fifteen as at fifty. I cannot do better in this connection than quote his friend's summary description of King at that period:

"On Saturday, we usually spent the whole day walking in the country. If any question arose as to any object seen during the day, whether we had particularly noticed it or not, King could always describe it from memory with great minuteness. He seemed to photograph unconsciously everything that passed before his eyes, and to be able to recall the picture at will. He studied enthusiastically the botany, the bird and animal life, and the rocks, of the regions over which we rambled.

"Already at fifteen, he wrote beautifully, having been trained in literary judgment and skill by his mother, who possessed in high degree both

the faculty of expression and power to inspire enthusiasm. From her he received also, besides his literary and artistic tastes and critical perceptions, an ardent hatred of slavery, and a clear foresight of the impending 'irrepressible conflict' of the Civil War."

. . . . . .

In May, 1863, together with his friend Gardiner, whose health had been somewhat impaired by overstudy, he started for California, intending to make the journey on horseback from St. Joseph, Mo., then the most western railway-terminus.

. . . . . .

This adventurous journey, taken in connection with King's subsequent career, reminds me irresistibly of a feature in the life of General William T. Sherman — a man possessed of the same tireless activity, hunger for new knowledge and faculty of perceiving, comprehending, retaining

and, at need, effectively utilizing, any facts he had encountered, however casually. When asked, in his old age, how he had dared to cut loose from his base of supplies and risk his whole army in the bold march from Atlanta to the sea, Sherman replied that he would not have dared it, in the absence of detailed maps and other information, but for the circumstance that many years before, as a young Lieutenant of the Engineer Corps, serving in the South, he had studied every stream, hill and road in that region, and learned, never to forget, the difficulties and resources of the country; so that in undertaking what seemed to others a blind and hazardous venture, he "knew what he was about." We shall see that King's great scientific exploration from the Missouri to the Sierra was rendered practicable, at the particular period of its execution, by reason of the

early reconnaissance which he had made in person.

On their way to the Golden Gate, the two friends accidentally made the acquaintance of Prof. William H. Brewer (an assistant in the Geological Survey of California); and both were drawn into the service of that survey, then recently organized under Prof. J. D. Whitney.

From a private letter of Prof. Brewer's, I make the following interesting quotation:

"I first met Clarence King and his intimate friend, James T. Gardiner, on Aug. 30, 1863. I had been making, that summer, a reconnaissance in the Sierra Nevada, beginning in the extreme southern part, at Tejon, and zigzagging six or eight times across the divide, my last crossing having been from the northern end of Lake Tahoe to Forest Hill. My party had

been reduced by sickness and other causes until, during the last four crossings, I had with me my packer only. It was my desire to continue the reconnaissance northward as far as Lassen peak; but another man, at least, was needed—especially as the Indians were reported to have broken out from Lassen peak to the Shasta valley. So I had left my animals with my packer at Forest Hill and started for San Francisco to see my chief, Prof. J. D. Whitney, with regard to the necessary assistance, and to interview the Indian agent and the military authorities concerning the reported Indian war.

"On the Sacramento river steamer I noticed two young men conversing together in low tones, and curiously glancing from time to time at me, attracted, no doubt, by my costume and appearance, which indicated that I was engaged in rough mountain- or

forest-work of some kind, yet not that of the hunter or the miner. Presently they drew near, and the younger one (King) asked, 'Is your name Brewer?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Belong to the California Geological Survey?' 'Yes.' 'Well; I had a letter of introduction to you from Prof. Brush; but it was burned up the other day!' He went on to say that he had been for three years at the Yale Scientific School (as it was called when he entered it); and that he and his friend had crossed the plains, the interior basin and the Sierra, since leaving New Haven. Of course we began at once an acquaintance which soon became, and always remained, a cordial friendship. Many years after, he wrote on the fly-leaf of the second edition of his *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada* (the most brilliant and fascinating of books on mountain-climbing), these

words, which I treasure with affectionate pride: 'To Professor W. H. Brewer, my earliest and kindest Sierra friend, to whose friendly guidance I owe my first and my most charming mountaineering, with the unchanging regard of the Author.'

"I may be permitted to introduce here a reminiscence which is likewise most gratifying to me, as showing the part which I unconsciously took in bringing Clarence King to California, and thus initiating the career which was to make him illustrious.

"Both during our earliest conferences and on several later occasions, King told me that Mount Shasta was the magnet that had drawn him irresistibly to the Pacific coast. This magnificent mountain then possessed a pre-eminence in popular estimation which it no longer possesses. It was believed to be the highest peak in North America. Its

altitude had been variously reported at from 14,000 to 18,000 feet. From the first, the members of the California Survey looked forward with eager anticipation to a thorough examination of it. We had two barometers made with scales which would show an altitude of 18,000 feet, and after collecting all available information, I was expecting to ascend Shasta in September, 1862. It was a very malarial year, and nearly all my party came down with fever. Of those who were able to work, some had to be distributed to observe station-barometers, for the subsequent comparison with the summit-readings. The rest, accompanied by Prof. Whitney, who came from San Francisco for the same purpose, proceeded to the western base of Shasta, and made the ascent to the summit Sept. 2, 1862. It was the first time that the altitude of a mountain in the United States,

more than 14,000 feet high, had been accurately measured; and we were naturally proud of the achievement. A few days later I wrote to a very old friend and classmate, Professor George J. Brush, an enthusiastic account of our adventure, emphasizing not only the scientific interest, but also the sublime and majestic scenery connected with it. To Clarence King, who happened to call upon him soon after the receipt, Prof. Brush read this letter; and, as King told me many times, 'that settled it.' He resolved to see California, and, in particular, Mount Shasta.

"To return to my narrative: I liked King from the first; he gave me much comparatively recent information concerning my old friends at Yale; I told him my plans; and we arranged to meet in San Francisco. And, at my invitation, he called several times at the office of the Survey

in that city, deepening on each occasion my growing affection and esteem for him. I was intensely anxious to get into the Lassen peak region. The year before, I had passed it, going up and down the great valley west of it, and had traced the Cretaceous formation, finding it, at one point, overlain with lava. I now wished to get into some of the cañons which cut through both the lava and auriferous series. All this could be done with safety; but the Indian agent said it would be madness to try to go through, north of Lassen peak, to Shasta Valley. I decided to start anyhow, and go as far as I could. King wanted to go with me, as a volunteer without pay. The possible danger of the trip was an additional temptation to him. And Prof. Whitney (who was likewise captivated by his light and ardent nature) authorized me to engage him.

"Clarence King was then in his 22d year, but looked much younger. Of course, he was not so thoroughly informed or so deeply interested in geological problems as he afterwards became. In fact, he stood on the threshold of that fascinating study, saturated chiefly with Ruskin and Tyndall. The remarks of the latter on the glaciers of the Alps were constantly upon his lips. *

"The trip was notable in many respects, and suggested many topics of inquiry which afterwards bore fruit in King's receptive, retentive and intensely active mind. Lassen peak was reported to have been, only a

* EDITORIAL NOTE.—A recent correspondent writes to say, on the authority of Professor Brewer, that King, when he joined in the field-work of the Geological Survey of California, had with him, as part of his camp outfit, "a Bible, a Table of Logarithms, and a volume of Robertson's sermons."—J. D. H.

few years before, an active volcano, and offered an opportunity for the study of recent eruptive rocks. The possible glaciers upon Shasta were discussed, as was also the age of the gold-bearing rock-zone of the Sierra, and the desirability of a geological section across the range. Incidentally, the larger scheme of a transcontinental section was mentioned. This had been the dream of Whitney in 1862, when the construction of the Pacific railways was actively begun. He thought that when once a section across California had been completed the railroad companies might be inclined to pay for making one along their lines, across the interior basin and the Rocky Mountains, to the great plains.

"We ascended Lassen peak twice, on the 26th and 29th of September, 1863. The first time the day was unpropitious for good barometric work.

There was a fierce wind on the summit; a storm was approaching, and the barometer was falling rapidly; and the whole Pitt river valley was filled with clouds, hiding everything below the altitude of 8000 or 9000 feet. But all was clear above, and Shasta, eighty miles away, with the tops of the adjacent mountains only, rose from the white mountain of cloud, projected against an intensely blue sky. King's exclamation was, 'What would Ruskin have said, if he had seen *this!*'

"On the way back he wanted to try a *glissade* down one of the snow-slopes. I objected strongly, being uncertain whether it would be practicable for him to stop before reaching the rocks at the bottom. But he had read Tyndall; and what was a mountain climb without a *glissade?* So he had his way, and came out of the adventure with only a few unimportant bruises.

"Three days later, after the end of an uncomfortable storm of rain, snow and sleet, we made a second ascent of the peak, going up in the night, by bright moonlight, and arriving before sunrise at the summit, where we spent ten hours. The sky was cloudless, and the atmosphere transparent in the highest degree. For a short time after sunrise we could see Mount Hamilton in the south — normally below the horizon, but 'looming up' long enough and plainly enough for satisfactory identification. This is the longest distance at which, so far as I know, I have ever seen a terrestrial object. Another spectacle of unique perfection and grandeur observed on that occasion was the shadow of the peak projected on the western sky. Although I have often reached greater altitudes, that day stands out in my memory as one of the most impressive of my life.

"It will easily be imagined with what satisfaction and delight these experiences were shared with such a companion as Clarence King, to whose glowing enthusiasm they were new as well as grand. Again, he was fascinated by Shasta. Three days before, the snow upon it had been in patches and streaks; now the snow had covered with unbroken white — save here and there a protruding rock — the upper 4000 or 5000 feet of the mountain. The lower limit of this cap was a sharply-defined 'snow-line.' The great white cone standing upon the dark base, against a background of intense blue, was a memorable picture, and deserved King's rhapsodies of admiration.

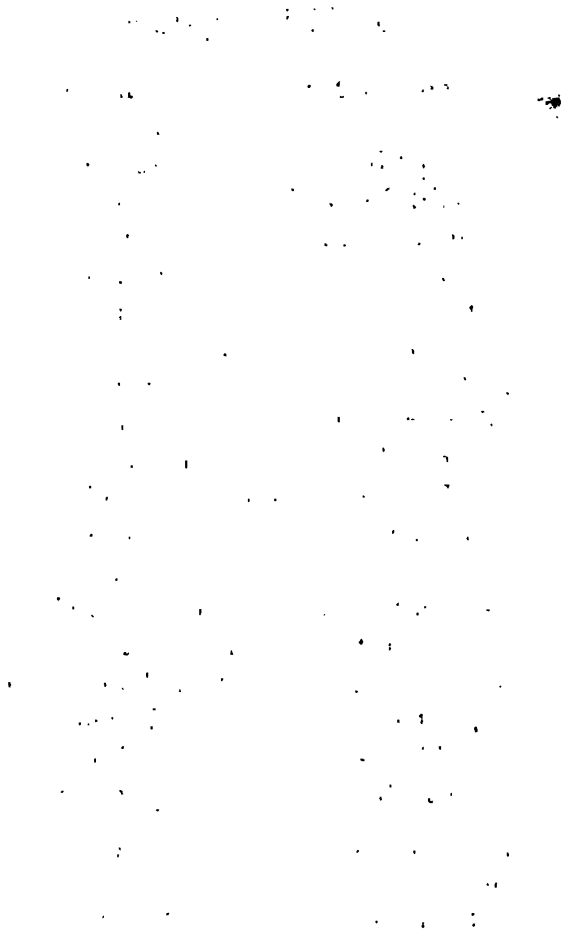
"It was in the earlier part of this expedition that the first discovery of the Jurassic and Triassic fossils in place in the auriferous zone of

California was made in the Genesee Valley, Plumas County. *

"The next year, King and I passed around the eastern base of Shasta. The reconnaissance of this mountain had been made by the California Survey in 1862, after a winter noted for the heaviest rains and snows since the acquisition of California. And we had then announced that, while there was much snow on the mountain, there were no glaciers. King had never seen glaciers; I had seen them only in Switzerland.

"We forded one day at the base of Shasta a small stream, turbid with ash-colored mud, which came from a snow-field far above. I said that, if we were in Switzerland, I should consider it a typical, glacier-fed stream.

* See *American Journal of Science*, 2d series, vol. xli., p. 353; also *Geological Survey of California*, "Geology," vol. i., pp. 308, 462.



'Why is it not?' insisted King. I told him I had been, only a year before, on the upper part of that very snow-field, and that it showed neither ice nor *crevasses.* I thought the turbidity of the water was due to volcanic dust.

"Six years later, in 1870, King discovered actual glaciers on Shasta, and in 1871 described them in the *Atlantic Monthly* and in the *American Journal of Science.* Two years later, or ten years after our fording the turbid stream, he said to me, 'That stream haunted me for years, until I got on Mount Shasta and found the glaciers!'

"That was an illustration of the way in which his retentive as well as perceptive mind stored up, and ultimately used, the facts and suggestions it had once received. Another occurs to me. On our trip, in 1863, I talked much about the value of large photographs in geological surveys. I had

taken a fancy to stereoptical views especially; and I thought the broken country about Lassen peak should be photographed, and could not be shown satisfactorily by drawings. In later years King was the first to carry out these ideas on a grand scale; and now the camera is an indispensable part of the apparatus of field-work in such surveys. Many similar instances might be given in which King did the things of which others had dreamed."

The foregoing reminiscences of his friend and, at that time, his immediate chief, abundantly indicate the qualities of ambition, energy and endurance which soon won for the young athlete of Yale recognized leadership in the field. The story of his ascent of Mount Whitney (14,898 feet above tide), the highest peak in the United States, outside of Alaska, affords an inter-

esting and, in some respects, amusing illustration.

The whole somewhat complicated story is told in an article by Mr. Hague in the *Overland Monthly* for Nov., 1873, from which it appears:

That the name of Mount Whitney was given in 1864 to the highest of a noble cluster of peaks at the headwaters of the Kern and King rivers by a party of the California Geological Survey, under the direction of Prof. Brewer, and including Clarence King, which was at work in that region during the summer of that year, and some of whom (including King, of course—when was he ever left out, if an adventure was on the programme?) ascended a peak which they called Mount Tyndall, from which they saw two others, still higher, to the loftier of which they gave the name of Whitney, their distinguished chief; that later

in the same year, after the party had been withdrawn, King made an unsuccessful attempt to reach this topmost summit; that in 1871 (when no longer connected with the California Survey) he returned, with characteristic pertinacity, to this endeavor, and climbed to what he supposed to be the top of Mount Whitney, but was prevented from identifying his position by "dense, impenetrable clouds"*; that in July, 1873, Mr. W. A. Goodyear, formerly of the California Survey, with a companion, ascended the summit last named, and clearly saw another and higher one, which was the true Mount Whitney, already located by observations from other mountain stations, and located upon official maps. This truly highest summit has since been reached by many parties.

* This ascent is described in King's book, *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada.*

Whoever cares to unravel the intricacies of this narrative will find in Mr. Hague's article, already cited, an efficient guide. To me, I must confess, the only important and interesting item in the series is the circumstance that in 1873, as soon as he had heard of the observations of Mr. Goodyear, Clarence King, though no longer connected with any public work requiring from him further attention to the matter, left New York, and, at his own expense, traveled without a moment's delay to the locality concerned, and ascended the true Mount Whitney, simply to settle, for his own satisfaction, the question which (to use the felicitous phrase quoted above by Prof. Brewer) would otherwise have "haunted him."

Another incident of his work in California deserves mention — namely, his discovery in January, 1864, on the Mariposa estate, of

fossils determining the Jurassic age of the gold-bearing slates of California. There was at the time a controversy over the question of "priority" in this settlement of a scientific question. Prof. W. P. Blake had undoubtedly found paleontological evidence tending to the same conclusion. After a laborious study of the contemporaneous documents, I am led to believe that the discovery *in place*, in 1863, of Jurassic and Triassic fossils in the Genesee Valley, in Plumas County, was the earliest well-authenticated and decisive one, and that the credit of this discovery belongs to Prof. Brewer, though it was, in Whitney's subsequent official reports, attributed to him and his assistant King jointly. But it was not regarded as decisive by Whitney, because it did not include the observation of actual gold-bearing veins in the same rock. The Mariposa dis-

coveries made by Blake and King in the country-rock of known gold-mines were conclusive. The question of priority as to these discoveries, involving, as it does, the date not only of the discovery, but also of the first public announcement and the first publication thereof, is really trivial; at least, it will not be discussed here. The record of science is not that of a patent law-suit, in which mere priority governs important rights of property; and neither Blake nor King needed to rest his claims to scientific recognition upon a controversy so unimportant.

His connection with the California Survey lasted until near the end of 1866; but during that period he was twice loaned, so to speak, for other service—once to the Mariposa Mining Company and once to the United States. The latter episode occurred in the winter of 1865–66, when he acted

as scientific assistant of General McDowell in a reconnaissance of the desert regions of Southern California and part of Arizona. His friend Gardiner was detailed to the same expedition. That it was not free from danger, no one acquainted with the condition of Arizona and the temper of the Apache tribes at that time need be told, and others may learn from the following anecdote, which I heard from Mr. King himself, and which Mr. Gardiner confirms:

One day, on the road to Prescott, Arizona, the two friends, absorbed in their work, had ridden ahead, beyond sight of their cavalry escort, when suddenly a couple of Apaches sprang from the bushes, under the very noses of their horses, with arrows aimed at their breasts, drawn to the head, and each held from fatal flight by a single hand. Gardiner's first impulse was to draw his revolver; but King re-

strained him, divining instantly that the two visible assailants were not alone, and that resistance would be useless. Sure enough, at a signal given, some fifty Apaches emerged from the chapparal and surrounded them. They were ordered by signs to dismount and disrobe. Intent on saving precious time, during which the cavalry might come to their rescue, King distracted the attention of the savages for several minutes by exhibiting to them his cistern-barometer, and explaining, in Spanish and by signs, that it was a new-fangled gun of very long range. The delay thus gained, however, did not prevent their captors from preparing thongs for their captives, and lighting a fire to be placed upon their breasts, Apache fashion, after they should have been laid, naked and bound, upon the earth. Indeed, they were already half-stripped when the cavalry became

visible, and, perceiving the situation at a glance, charged the Indians with such vigor and speed as to capture two of them and scatter the rest. (The two thus taken were released, because the troops were not strong enough to fight the whole Wallapai tribe, as they would have had to do if they had attempted to hold their prisoners.) There is no doubt that King's presence of mind, coolness and ingenuity saved the lives of his friend and himself.

In 1866, circumstances led him to resign from the California survey, and to attempt a larger undertaking on his own account. Concerning the reflections and considerations which preceded this step, Mr. Gardiner contributes the following interesting reminiscence:

"In the summer of 1866 King and I were working together on a survey

of the region east of the Yosemite Valley. I had previously developed and tested methods of topographical work, based on triangulation from peak to peak without signals, and gradually expanding the scale of the triangles, until I believed that the system could be applied to very large areas in a country where peaks were sharp, so that the closure of the triangles could be made very accurate, compared with what had been done in reconnaisance-work. During that summer we discussed the possibility of carrying across the whole Rocky Mountain system a survey based on rapid triangulation without signals, checked with astronomical work, and with topographical work following the methods which were used in the Yosemite Valley survey and field-work of 1866. We believed that by the application of these improved methods in topography a geological

survey was possible which would be far in advance of anything done in the geological survey of California, or any other geological work previously done in the western mountain-system.

"Sitting on the high peaks of the Sierra, overlooking the deserts and ranges of Nevada to the eastward, we worked out the general outlines of the 40th-parallel survey-work. It was the natural outgrowth of our journey across the plains, our experience on the California survey, and our exploration of Arizona, coupled with King's great aggressive energy and consciousness of power to persuade men to do the thing that he thought ought to be done.

"Our study of the structure of the continent in our journey of 1863 across the plains, and in our Arizona trip of 1865, led us to feel that the survey of California and the prob-

lems to be solved there were but a part, and possibly a minor part, of the great problems of the structure, topographical and geological, of the whole mountain-system of western America from the plains to the Pacific, and it was from this point of view that the great continental cross-section on the 40th parallel was planned. If King had taken charge of the department of economic geology in the California survey, the execution of this wider plan might have been delayed; but the plan itself was conceived without reference to our temporary California work."

The new scheme was nothing less than a transcontinental topographical and geological survey, for which, with sublime audacity, King undertook to obtain, from the Executive and from Congress, the authority and the means.

The result, surprising then, and surprising still, was a generous provision by Congress for the geological survey of a strip of 100 miles on each side of the 40th parallel of latitude; in other words, of the belt containing the first Pacific railroad. The work was to continue three years, and was placed expressly under the charge of Clarence King (then 25 years old), subject only to the administrative control of Gen. A. A. Humphreys, Chief of Engineers of the U. S. Army — a brilliant topographical engineer as well as military commander, who appreciated the young explorer too thoroughly to interfere with his plans and methods.*

The difficulties and dangers of this work were not small. King's party,

* The first legislation of Congress did not cover all this. It was simply a brief provision in an appropriation bill, authorizing the application of certain unexpended remainders

reaching California by way of Panama, spent three months in preparing its outfit and reaching its field. Many times it seemed as if portions of the scheme must be abandoned; but the leader's enthusiasm, energy and resource inspired his associates, and made them invincible. At the end of three years the work was not finished; but its success and value had been so brilliantly demonstrated that the period was extended to seven years, by the unsolicited action of Congress.

An incident reported by Mr. Emmons illustrates the courage and decision which belonged to King as one "born to command."

In 1868, during his field-work in

of former appropriations in the continuance of surveys for a transcontinental wagon-road. Upon this modest beginning, King won both popular and legislative recognition of his great enterprise.

Nevada, annoyed by frequent desertions from his cavalry escort—a small detail, under the charge of a sergeant—King resolved to make an example of the next case of the kind. The occasion was provided by a specially "bad man," who, while the party, engaged in their day's work, were absent from the camp, fitted himself out with equipments belonging to the Survey, and "struck" for the Pacific coast, nearly twelve hours before he was missed. King and the sergeant started at once in pursuit. At about sunset of the next day the trail was seen to be heading for a natural pass in the next range (one of the short meridional ranges characteristic of Nevada). Leaving the trail, King and his companion, by a hard night-ride, made a détour over the mountain, and reached at sunrise the western outlet of the pass. Here he saw the fugitive's horse picketed

near a willow thicket, which surrounded a spring, and in the middle of which the man himself was preparing his breakfast. King left his horse in the sergeant's charge and entered the thicket alone, with his "hair-trigger" Colt revolver. He afterward confessed that the situation required all his "nerve." The man, who was known as a desperate character, might have heard him coming and made preparation to shoot him at sight. But, after a minute of suspense, the climax was tame enough. The deserter, taken by surprise, was marched at the muzzle of King's pistol back to camp, and thence sent under guard to the military prison at Alcatraz—and there were no more desertions from that party. As for King's "nerve," it must have been little, if at all, disturbed; for a man cannot long keep his finger still on a hair-trigger, if he is agitated!

Biographical Notice

The following account of another of King's adventures is given by Mr. Emmons, an eye-witness and a participant.

"At the close of the field-work of 1871, King joined my party, which had been engaged through the summer in the Uinta Mountains, for a tour of inspection along the northern frontier of that range. One day, as we were starting on an untried route across a piece of 'bad-land' country, we spied, soon after breaking camp, a grizzly bear in the distance; and all hands at once gave chase. The bear at first disappeared in a region of sand-dunes, where the party got scattered. After some hours' trailing, King, Wilson and I, with a couple of soldiers, ran the trail into a typical net-work of bad-land ravines—a series of narrow gullies with perpendicular walls, quite inaccessible for

horses. Tying the heads of our five animals together (for there was n't a bush big enough to hitch them to), we followed the huge, human-looking tracks down one ravine and up another on foot, each with rifle in hand, and King in the lead. (There was a pretended, but not thoroughly heartfelt, emulation to occupy this place !) Not only were we constantly turning sharp corners, but the trail would run into caves made by changes in the course of the dry stream-bed, which would continue for some distance under a bend in the wall of a gully. The bear evidently ran into many of these caves, passing out of each at the other end. Finally, four hours after starting, we had run him to ground. We had found a cave with his track going in at one end and not coming out at the other; and, by putting our ears against the bank, we could hear his labored breathing.

The cave was unusually long—perhaps 30 or 40 feet. Its upper end, by which the bear had entered, was hardly more than a foot high; the other opening was high enough to be entered on hands and knees. The grizzly could be only heard, not seen; but the sound indicated that he was nearer the upper end. Various attempts at dislodgment by smoking, etc., were unsuccessful; and finally King, who had poked his head far enough in at the upper end to see in the dark, said he could distinguish the animal's eyes, and would go in and shoot him. So I was stationed at the lower opening in case the bear should come out that way, and King wriggled himself into the little hole at the upper end, until he was far enough in to raise his body on one elbow and put his rifle to his shoulder. Even then he could not distinguish the form of the bear in

the darkness; but he could see the gleam of its two eyes and feel its hot breath. Nor could he, at first, distinguish the sights of his rifle; but, after accustoming himself somewhat to the darkness, he aimed as best he could between the eyes, and fired. The big soldier who had been stationed for that purpose behind him, at once dragged him out by the heels, and, in his excitement, kept on dragging long after he had got his man out. As a result, King's face was badly scratched in the sand. We were not absolutely sure that the bear was dead; but, as there was no sound, I went into my end of the cave, and succeeded in getting a strap round its neck, by means of which and the combined slow tugging of all hands we succeeded in dragging it into daylight. We then saw that King's ball had struck true, and penetrated the brain."

Mr. Hague contributes another reminiscence of King's self-possession under exciting circumstances. He was pursuing an elk, which finally turned and charged upon him. For a moment he was in considerable personal danger; but he came out victor, as usual. Listening, some time after, to King's story of the adventure, Hague said, "King, how did that elk look to you at the critical moment?" "Like a first-class hat-rack on a mule!" was the instant reply.

It was in the first or second year of my field-work as United States Commissioner of Mining Statistics that I made the acquaintance of Clarence King. He was at that time camped with a small party on a terrace overlooking the Salt Lake Valley, and invited me to dine with him in his camp. I had just come from a very rapid examination of

some of the cañons in the Wahsatch range, and he had been traversing the Uinta Mountains farther east. I remember the surprise with which I found him maintaining in the field, as far as possible, the decencies and elegancies of city life. Knowing of him as an explorer, hunter and athlete already famous, I could scarcely recognize my own expectation in the polished gentleman who, in immaculate linen, silk stockings, low shoes, and clothing without a wrinkle, received me at a dinner, simple enough in its material constituents, but served in a style which I had not found west of the Missouri. When I attempted to make fun of him for "roughing it" in this way, he replied seriously: "It is all very well for you, who lead a civilized life nine or ten months in the year, and only get into the field for a few weeks at a time, to let yourself down to

the pioneer level, and disregard the small elegancies of dress and manners which you can afterwards easily resume, because you have not laid them aside long enough to forget them. But I, who have been for years constantly in the field, would have lost my good habits altogether if I had not taken every possible opportunity to practice them. We don't dine this way every day, but we do so whenever we can." I had abundant opportunity in after years to see King at work as well as at rest; and I never knew a man more eager, tireless and reckless in field-work above or underground, while at the same time he maintained always the instinct and practice of refined manners. It was, indeed, almost invariably his custom to have with him a personal attendant, who looked after his clothing, etc. One such, who was with him for years,

came to be an invaluable assistant in geological underground work, observing with great acuteness, although without scientific knowledge, indications which more learned men might have overlooked. I cannot forbear an anecdote told me by King of another valet of his, whose life was in his work, and who judged of all things in the world by their relations to it. At a gentleman's country-seat, with good servants' accommodations, ample facilities for blacking boots and brushing clothing, well-trimmed lawns and genteel society, he was in Paradise; but experience in the muddy or dusty wilderness half paralyzed his usefulness and wholly quenched his enjoyment. On one occasion, attended by this man only, King made his way to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, and stood for a time dumb upon its brink, overwhelmed with the vastness and

the glory of the scene. At last it seemed to him that he must speak; and, as he turned away, he said: "Well, Joe, how does it strike you?" "It is no place for a gentleman, sir!" was the reply.*

* EDITORIAL NOTE. — The above-named "Joe" might well have been the same long-time manservant (Alexander), of whom a story was told some twenty years ago, which well exemplifies his gentlemanly instincts and cultivated manners.

On a certain occasion when Mr. Abram S. Hewitt and Mr. King were together in Paris, it became necessary for Mr. Hewitt to cross over to London at a time when he was so far from well that his attempt to make the journey alone would have been very imprudent. On Mr. King's urgent insistence Mr. Hewitt consented to take Alexander with him as his personal attendant. When they arrived at the Paris station of departure, Mr. Hewitt and Alexander were both surprised and amused at meeting the most courteous of railway officials, who, evidently awaiting the coming of expected travelers, immediately began to render every possible service, re-

Rossiter W. Raymond

The most famous incident of the Fortieth Parallel Survey was the exposure by King of the "Diamond

lieving them of all hand-luggage and personal impedimenta, and escorting them to a specially reserved railway carriage, into which the travelers were unhesitatingly assisted, Alexander, much against his will, preceding Mr. Hewitt, under the irresistible guidance of their escorting officials.

These extraordinary attentions were continued throughout the journey, and were only clearly understood when it became known, later on, that the officials of the railway company at Paris had been requested to show their most respectful attentions to a certain Oriental Prince, who, attended by an English companion, was expected to leave Paris for London by the same train which Mr. Hewitt had also chosen for his journey, with the result that Alexander was mistaken for the expected Prince and Mr. Hewitt for his gentleman-in-waiting. It is said that Alexander bore with becoming dignity the honors thus unwittingly thrust upon him, while, at the same time, he failed in no re-respect in his duties to Mr. Hewitt.—J. D. H.

Swindle" of 1872. A full account of this episode will be found in the *Engineering and Mining Journal* of Dec. 10, 1872, together with my own editorial comments, based upon private knowledge as well as published reports. The whole affair reflected the greatest credit upon King's personal honor and loyal friendship—its most creditable feature being the way in which he managed the exposure so as to prevent further loss by innocent investors, and, at the same time, to avert unmerited disgrace from equally innocent promoters and experts. By a sudden and sensational disclosure he might have won cheap distinction for himself, at the cost of cruel injustice to others. . . .

The great success and popularity of the United States Geological Survey has been due, without doubt, not only to the liberal support of Congress, which King, more than any other one man, was able to influence,

and to the wise organization and far-reaching plans which he impressed upon this institution in its creation, but also to the ability, loyalty, activity and intelligent enthusiasm of the young men who received their training under him during the Fortieth Parallel Survey, and many of whom have since won high reputation by their independent researches. The recent volume on "Ore Deposits," published by this Institute, bears testimony to the extraordinary advance in that department of geological science in which American observers may fairly be said to have taken the lead. No doubt they have won this distinction largely by reason of three exceptionally favorable conditions, namely: the vast and rich field for investigation offered by the territory of the United States; the active development of this field by mining; and the liberal expenditures,

both State and Federal, which have been made for the study of economic geology. But these favorable conditions would have amounted to nothing without the men competent to take advantage of them, and the wise provision made for such investigations by the first Director of the U. S. Geological Survey.

King's important contributions to scientific literature, apart from his work on public surveys, were very few. Probably the most important were his address at the Sheffield Scientific School, in June, 1877, on "Catastrophism and the Evolution of Environment," and his paper on "The Age of the Earth," published January, 1893, in the *American Journal of Science*. . . .

I know that King considered the praise of this work by Lord Kelvin as one of the greatest honors ever bestowed upon him.

Rossiter W. Raymond

To general literature he contributed one delightful book, *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*, and a few magazine articles. The book describes the scenery and the people encountered by him in his early California experiences, and has never been surpassed as a gallery of vivid, graceful, and imaginative yet accurate sketches of nature and men. Bret Harte's admirable work is more romantic, more artificial, less delicately humorous, and less perfect in style. Indeed, considering the relatively small amount of King's literary work, his mastery of style was wonderful. Perhaps the most perfect specimen of it was his fanciful sketch, *The Helmet of Mambrino*, published in the *Century*.

Doubtless one reason why he did not publish more was, as Mr. Emmons suggests, his fastidious taste, which led him to be dissatisfied with

anything less than the best work. But this is not, to me, a full explanation. The possessor of such a gift of expression, and so rich a repertory of knowledge, and suggestions waiting for utterance, usually feels, also, the spontaneous impulse to make use of them. King was not an exception. He talked often of things he would like to write, and intended to write, some day. But he never found time for such labors, partly because of the exigent social demands made upon him; partly because of the necessity for more active and arduous occupation, to which he was repeatedly, if not continuously, subject. A man can do literary work in his stolen leisure, and yet be a darling of society, shining brightly in the club and at the dinner-table; or he may be active in business and professional engagements, and still keep enough time and strength for quieter pur-

suits. But he cannot be and do all three. King, especially, could not do this, because his brilliant talk exercised and fatigued the same faculties as if it had been pen-work. If he felt the impulse of utterance he wore it out in talking, and often threw away upon the transitory entertainment of a few what might have been the enduring delight of a multitude. An instance was furnished by a dinner-party in Washington, just before the outbreak of the late Spanish war, at which King was present, and expressed with vivacity his views and expectations. He had lived in Cuba, was intimate with some of the patriot leaders there, and was thoroughly acquainted with their plans and campaigns.* But he had also sailed the Pacific, and had an intelligent notion of the situation in the far East, of

* See his *Forum* articles, "Shall Cuba be Free?" and "Fire and Sword in Cuba."

which few of us were specially thinking at that time. And his prediction was this: "If war is declared with Spain, the first thing to happen will be that George Dewey will go into Manila harbor and sink the whole Spanish fleet!" If he had put that day's talk in print, with what prophet's glory it would have crowned him! Long after, he said to me, "I was a little startled to have the thing so quickly and completely come to pass; yet I made the remark upon good reasons. I had lived with Dewey, and knew him well; I knew where he was, and that he could not stay there after a declaration of war; if he had to go somewhere, he would be sure to go where the Spanish fleet was; and if he found it, he would sink it! You see, the argument was complete!"

After all, the chief hindrance to King's literary activity was the neces-

In the Market Place

sity of earning money in his profession. Several times in the course of his life he suffered financial reverses, which forced him practically to begin over again, and to work as a mining engineer in the field—sometimes directing or advising, sometimes valuing, sometimes buying and selling. Of three companies which opened, respectively,—the Las Prietas mine, in Sonora, the Las Yedras, in Sinaloa, and the Sombrerete, in Zacatecas,—he was the president; and he was actively connected with the Richmond, at Eureka, Nevada, and other American mines.

On many occasions he was engaged as an expert witness in mining lawsuits. I need hardly say that, while he was in the service of the United States, he gave no such assistance to private interests. Indeed, he was quick to perceive that the members of the public scientific surveys must

be kept free from any suspicion of utilizing, for the benefit of any party smaller than the whole of a mining community, the knowledge gained in that capacity; and he exacted from every subordinate a pledge in this particular, corresponding with his own practice. But when not thus honorably bound, he repeatedly acted as adviser, or gave expert testimony, for clients. In this line, having both encountered Mr. King as an opponent and benefited by his assistance as a colleague, I may claim to be qualified as a critic of his work — or rather of his character as shown by his work.

In the first place, he was, as I think an expert witness ought to be, an honest partisan. He did not carry to the witness stand the doubts or uncertainties which he might have felt during his previous study of the case. He came forward with a theory already deliberately adopted, and for

that theory (in the absence of new evidence disproving it) he was prepared to fight.

But this final temper and attitude had the indispensable safeguard of an inexhaustible curiosity and candor in previous inquiry. I have known, in my time, many mining experts, and their personal methods of studying mining cases. But I never met King's equal in insatiable desire to find out beforehand anything that anybody else knew or could know, whether it were relevant and important to the case in hand or not. I can remember him as going into a mine at early morning, taking his lunch with him; coming out late in the afternoon; bathing and dressing for dinner; then, aroused by some casual table-talk, putting on his underground clothes again, and spending the greater part of the night in the mine, just to "settle the point" — though the point

was not perceptibly pertinent to the immediate case in which he was engaged.

In general, his exhaustive preparation and wonderful general knowledge, reinforced by his alert self-possession, ready wit and unfailing good-nature, made him a most effective expert witness and a terror to cross-examiners.

After retiring from the U. S. Geological Survey, King spent three years (1882, '83 and '84) studying the geology of Scotland, Switzerland and Central Europe, occasionally visiting a mining district, like Bilbao, Rio Tinto or Almaden, and enjoying the social courtesies eagerly extended to him by the leaders of scientific thought, to whom his work had already made him known and his charming personality soon endeared him.

At a later period, after recovery from a severe illness, he spent a win-

ter in Cuba, at the country-house of an American friend, and became deeply interested not only in the politics, but also in the general and economic geology of that island, examining particularly some of the important iron and manganese deposits of the Santiago district. He conceived a high opinion of the mineral wealth of Cuba; and it was at least his dream, if not his definite intention and hope, that some day, when Cuba should be free, he would organize for that field, as he had done for a greater, a national geological survey.

I notice that Mr. Emmons * dates the final illness of Clarence King from an attack of pneumonia in 1901. From personal knowledge, I would put the beginning further back. During the spring of 1900 I was

* In his foregoing memoir quoted from the *American Journal of Science.*

associated with King in the long trial of a case at Butte, Montana. The season was unusually mild and the atmosphere of Butte unusually clear. Perhaps these balmy conditions tempted people to imprudent exposure. At all events, the town was afflicted with a veritable pestilence of pneumonia. In popular rumor the fatality was 90 per cent.; in actual statistics it was 54 per cent. of all the victims attacked. Among the counsel, parties and witnesses in our case, or in their families, eleven died during the trial. King prepared himself with his usual pertinacity and industry, spending many hours underground and taking prudent precautions against chills; but he had an annoying hoarseness, which he could not shake off. After giving his testimony he made a rapid trip to Salt Lake, for change of air and altitude, and in a couple of weeks returned, still

uncomfortable, though not alarmed. But by that time the rest of us were anxious for him, and, against his will, made him consult a physician, who put him to bed instantly. This prompt measure saved him from a serious illness; but the escape was a narrow one, as he was willing to acknowledge after a few days' confinement. He was not allowed to take further part in the trial, and it was over before he was able to leave his room. When he told me that he expected to go to the Klondike that summer, I felt a thrill of apprehension, and ventured a remonstrance. But, like all habitually healthy people, he thought nothing more of a temporary illness, once it was over; and to the Klondike he went, with the seeds of pulmonary trouble already sown in him. After the exposures of the Klondike trip he had a second and severe attack of

pneumonia, brought on in 1901 by a fresh exposure during the examination of a mining property in inclement weather. From that time the progress of tuberculosis was rapid and irresistible. With superb courage and calmness he fought to the end the hopeless battle, seeking in vain, at Prescott and Los Angeles, cure of his malady, and finally returning from Southern California to Phœnix, Arizona, where he died without pain, December 24, 1901. With characteristic unselfishness he had refused all offers of companionship from friends or relatives, and made his last brave fight alone.

Many, no doubt, have had ampler and more continuous association with Clarence King than I enjoyed during the one third of a century covered by our unbroken friendship. He was one who could pick up, after any lapse of time, however long, the asso-

ciations and reciprocities of the past, and make the intervening separation seem not to have been at all. However one might have been offended by his neglect to answer letters, or let himself be heard from in any way, five minutes of his presence was enough to show that the old friend, unchanged, had come to see the old friend, expecting an unchanged welcome. And what he expected, he received. I never heard of anybody who refused to forgive Clarence King for neglect of conventional obligations—and I fancy all who knew him had occasion for such forgiveness. My own theory of the matter is, that he was so universally beloved, and responded so easily to congenial companions, as to make it impossible for him to keep up, by the usual means of visits, letters, etc., the innumerable ties which he thus formed, without sacrificing all the more serious labors

and ambitions of his life. A man can forswear society altogether and do his life's work; or he can give himself up to society and let his work go. King took a middle course, continuing to study and to labor, while he freely gave and received social enjoyment, but defied the engrossing demands of formal etiquette. And "society" forgave him, because it could not have him on any other terms.

But perhaps it was given to me, in hours of unconstrained communion, to gain a deeper glimpse into his character than many days of mere superficial association could have given. And I found him clean to the bottom; full of noble scorn for things trivial, vile and selfish; alive to the highest ideals; ready for the service of human needs.

It was in such an hour that he told me (veiling with a transparent whim-

sical humor of narration his earnest feeling) of his "Sunday-school" in London, where he used to meet, on Sunday afternoons, the girls employed in Cross & Blackwell's famous pickle-factory, and talk to them in fashion "not quite orthodox, perhaps, but then, again, not so awfully heterodox either!" — and how, finding his Sunday-school utterly ignorant of the beauties and joys of green grass and flowers, he organized an excursion for them, securing, by unlimited use of his aristocratic acquaintances, unprecedented privileges for it, so that his delighted protégés, conveyed and convoyed by him on a special train, not only had afternoon tea on the lawn in Windsor Park, but the dear old Queen herself came out of the palace, walked among them, and accepted a cup of tea from a proud member of the company! King's witty account of his "happy hen-party"

I cannot undertake to reproduce. But there was for me something dearer and deeper in it than its sparkling surface.

Few among those who have achieved distinction in the labors or the literature of science have also impressed upon their generation a vivid sense of their own personality. In the majority of instances, I think, such men have hid themselves in their work, sacrificing to it the varied enjoyments and associations through which they might have become better known to their contemporaries. Perhaps we might say that, in this age, scientific distinction must be won, as a rule, in some specialty, and at the cost of an exclusive devotion to that one department; so that the great specialist, however versatile he might have become, if all his original endowments had been utilized, is at last, to the eyes of men,

simply the impersonal representative of one idea or sphere. On this point we have the frank, pathetic confession of Darwin, that many æsthetic faculties and tastes, once his, became atrophied in the course of years devoted to a single study. After the death of such a man, a sympathetic biographer may lift the veil and show to all what had been known before to few,—his personal traits and charms; thus filling up with detail and color the hard, meager outline of him presented by his special work alone.

Clarence King did not thus sacrifice himself to his work. His buoyant personality dominated his whole career. Gay, versatile, debonair, irresistible, gentle, honorable, "tender and true," he was greater and dearer than his work. We shall have, as we have had, many prophets and pioneers of science; but the King is dead—and there is no King to follow!

Biographical Notice

The following list comprises the principal published works of Clarence King:

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"On the Physical Constants of Rocks," *U. S. Geol. Survey*, 3d Ann. Report, p. 3, Government Printing Office, Washington, 1883.

"Style and the Monument," *North Am. Review*, Nov., 1885. (An article on the proposed Grant monument—anonymous, but known by friends of Mr. King to have been written by him.)

"Artium Magister," *North Am. Review*, Oct., 1888.

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Biographical Notice

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Memorabilia

James D. Hague

Memorabilia

MY personal acquaintance with Clarence King began in 1862, when, at the age of twenty, he was studying at the Yale Scientific School. He was my junior by several years and we were not intimately associated there as fellow-students; but I well remember him as he was then, an active, sprightly youth, quick to observe and apprehend, full of joyous animation and lively energy, which always made him a leader of the front rank, whether in the daily exercises of the classroom and laboratory or in an impromptu raid by night on Hillhouse Avenue front fences, with the mischievous purpose of lifting off and swapping around in neighborly exchange the door-yard gates of lawns

and gardens. "Off fences must come," he sometimes said of the gates, "but woe unto him by whom they come—if found out."

In the following year, 1863, King left Yale and went with his schoolmate, Gardiner, to California, crossing the plains on horseback, with the emigrant party referred to in already recorded memoirs which plainly show how the important experiences of this journey essentially determined King's subsequent career and the character of his scientific life-work.

One of the personally interesting incidents of that expedition, hitherto unrecorded, so far as I know, which King, many years ago, used to relate with thrilling effect, was an exciting experience in buffalo hunting, which occurred not far from Fort Kearney, where, hearing of large herds of buffalo in the vicinity, King determined to try his luck in getting one. He

engaged as guide and companion of his sport a locally well-known hunter and bought a superior horse, said to have been especially trained for buffalo. They set out early one morning and soon came up with a large grazing herd, scattered widely over the plains, as far as they could see. As the men rode in among them the guide told King to pick out the buffalo of his choice and go for him. A minute or two later King was in full chase of the best-looking bull in sight, dashing along, nearly side by side, King with revolver in hand, ready to fire at the first chance. After running about two miles they descended into a shallow basin-like depression, in the bottom of which King fired an effective shot, whereupon the bull made a stand to attack the horse and rider, who had by this time turned about, facing the charging buffalo and looking back in the direction whence

they had come. Just at this instant there appeared in view, swiftly descending into the depressed arena which was, for the moment, the field of action, the madly pursuing herd, which had been stampeded, partly by King's chase and partly by his slowly following companion. The sight of this so disconcerted King's horse, at the critical moment of attack, that he failed to escape the fatal thrust of the wounded and dying bull, so that buffalo, horse and rider went down together in a heap, King unfortunately jammed to the ground by the weight of the horse, lying on his leg. Although suffering from the severe physical strain and in mortal fear of being trampled to death by the flying herd, King remained conscious while, as he said, a mile and a half of solid buffalo galloped past, more than ever alarmed and terrified by what they saw, and wildly rushing by him on

both sides of the narrow field of battle, crowding and leaping upon and over each other in their mad efforts to get away from the visible cause of their panic. When the hunter arrived, after the rush and danger had passed, he found the bull and the horse quite dead and very nearly so poor King, who was with difficulty relieved from his painful position and taken to Kearney for medical care and recovery.

It was after more than three years of geological campaigning and mountaineering in California and Arizona that King appeared in Washington, early in 1867, as the advocate and promoter of his newly conceived project, the organization and conduct of the United States Geological Exploration of the Fortieth Parallel. He came furnished with the best of social introductions, letters of scientific commendation and political endorsement;

but it was his personal charm and captivating speech that won for him an immediate and enduring success. Senators, representatives and government officials of every grade became at once his admiring friends. Fessenden, of Maine, after an evening's companionship with King at Sam Hooper's genial dinner-table, was himself almost persuaded to be a scientist, and professed his conversion in saying, "If I were not United States Senator I would be United States Geologist." Another senator, on the same occasion, was so charmed by King's descriptive powers that he confessed a strong desire to actually see with his own eyes "those marvelous isothermal lines" which King had pictured to him with the fascinating effect of an Aurora Borealis. Conness, of California, was King's ardent advocate and a most zealous worker for his interests in all matters de-

manding senatorial action. As long as John Conness remained in the Senate he was a faithful supporter of the Fortieth Parallel Survey. On one occasion, when legislative authority and appropriation of money became necessary for the work of the Survey and, especially in the case referred to, for the publication of the report, Mr. Conness, being just then absent from Washington, on being advised that the then pending bill, containing the vitally important item, would probably come up for action next morning, hastily returned by night and took his place in the Senate Chamber at the opening of the session. The attendance of senators was very small when the measure was finally brought to a vote, fortunately, in the hands of a friendly presiding officer. The call for "ayes," notwithstanding the encouraging voice of Mr. Conness, was met with what

seemed like deadly silence to King, anxiously watching and listening in the gallery. The call for "noes" passed, happily, with still less noteworthy response. "The ayes seem to have it," said the presiding officer tentatively — "the ayes have it," he continued decisively — "'t is a vote," he announced in conclusion, and the thing was done, much to King's relief and satisfaction.

On another occasion, when the maintenance of the Fortieth Parallel Exploration depended upon the adoption of a certain amendment in an Appropriation Bill, then pending in the House, King sought to engage the favorable attention and interest of General "Ben" Butler, chairman, I believe, of the all-important committee, and set forth the character of the work and of the men employed in it. "Do you mean to say" inquired Butler, "that there are

no regular officers—no West Pointers —in this thing?" "Not one" said King. "Are you all—*all*—civilians?" Butler insisted. "Every one," King again assured him. "Then" said the General, with unquotable emphasis, "it shall go through!" and so it did.

When the Secretary of War handed King his letter of appointment, immediately after the accomplishment of the first necessary legislation, authorizing the work, he said, "Now, Mr. King, the sooner you get out of Washington, the better—you are too young a man to be seen about town with this appointment in your pocket —there are four major-generals who want your place."

King's party was organized early in 1867 and nearly all of its members left New York for California, *via* Panama, by the steamer of May 1st. King started by the following ship, unaccompanied by any of his

intimate associates, and with few, if any, companions of his acquaintance. While crossing the Isthmus he met with an unusual experience which, some years thereafter, formed a part of one of his favorite stories, hitherto unrecorded, so far as I know, although he sometimes said he had been asked to make a written statement of the facts, in the interest of psychical research. As I now recall the story it so happened that after the ship's passengers had disembarked at Aspinwall and had taken their places in the train for Panama, there occurred a long delay before departure, during which many of the travelers left the cars and wandered about the station premises, regardless of the risk of being left behind in the event of a sudden start. Presently the train moved without notice, leaving many passengers to get aboard as best they might, while King, standing by chance

on the rear platform, suddenly found a little baby in his arms, placed there by its mother, who, crying aloud, was already running as fast as she could in pursuit of her other child, a little boy, then playing at the distant end of the platform, so far away that the unhappy and almost frantic woman was quite unable to capture him and again overtake the rapidly moving train, from the receding end of which, King could only wave the baby, as a sign of accepting the charge thus suddenly thrust upon him.

This new responsibility proved most embarrassing. His unheeded appeals for assistance met only with derision. Much to his surprise and disappointment he found no one, man or woman, among all his unsympathetic fellow-passengers, willing to offer aid or comfort or to share, in any way, the duties of a baby's nurse, wet or dry. Moreover there were

many imaginable but unspeakable difficulties to be dealt with on arrival at Panama, a parting of the ways, where King, a northbound passenger for California, would need somehow to be rid of the baby, whose mother, he knew, was to go on the southbound steamer to Peru. He was much relieved, after long suspense, by the official announcement that a following train from Aspinwall would reach Panama a few hours later, bringing all left-over passengers, and that all connecting steamers would await that arrival. It only remained, therefore, for King, while at Panama, to find the ways and means of supplying the crying needs of the baby, who by this time was in want of everything a baby ever does want.

His plan was soon conceived and promptly carried into execution. Holding the baby on one hand and his parasol-umbrella in the other, he

set out to walk the streets and by-ways of Panama, seeking some house of inviting aspect, with outward and visible signs of babes and sucklings within, where he might get his baby washed, dressed and nourished by some willing mother. This intelligent scheme was completely successful. In a neat and tidy cabin, containing a small family of English-speaking, "light-complected" colored women, one of whom was the healthful-looking mother of a nursing child, King quickly found the wholesome succor he was looking for. He told his story to a sympathetic and promptly responsive audience, who immediately took the baby into camp, telling King to take a walk for an hour or two, when he might return to find his charge refreshed within and without. When he came back he waited at the cabin, talking with the friendly women, while the

baby slept until train-time, when, having liberally rewarded his hospitable benefactresses, he returned to the railway-station, restored the child to its anxious mother and went on his way rejoicing in the happy issue out of all his troubles, and without the smallest expectation of ever again seeing any of the participants in the strange adventure.

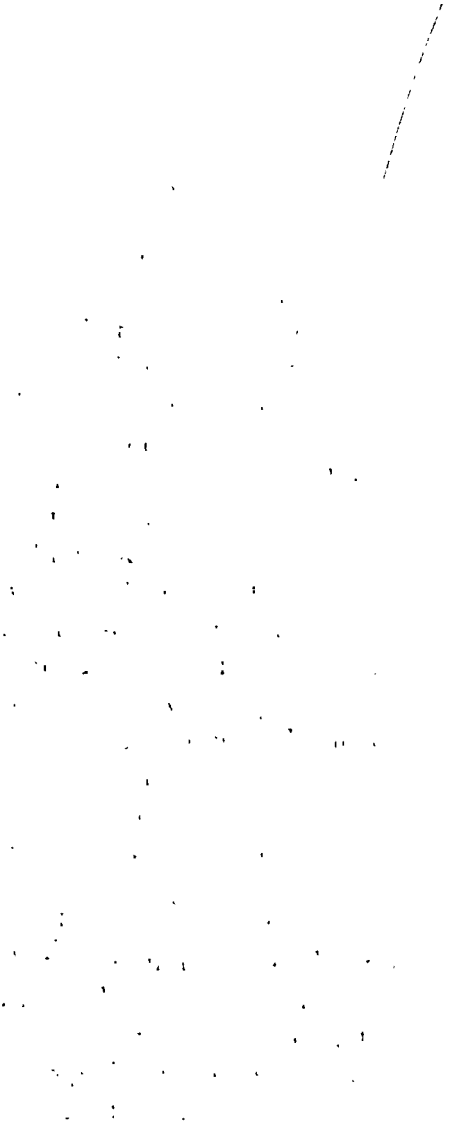
A few weeks later, King, who had, in the meantime, fitted out his ex-expedition at Sacramento, California, was moving with his train of army wagons and mounted scientists across the Sierra towards Nevada, the field of his first summer's campaign. He camped for Sunday near the little town of Alta, on the western slope of the range, whose curious inhabitants, mistaking the strange outfit for a circus, came around during the day to inquire when the show would begin. Among these visitors was

a mulatto-like young man, large, strong, well-built and pleasing in look and manner, who, when he had heard from King what it was, seemed to conceive an irresistible desire to join the party; and his services, offered for any possible duty, were promptly accepted for the opportunely created place of cook's mate. This engagement proved to be the beginning of a most important chapter in the young man's life.

His name was "Jim." According to his own story he was born in Jamaica, in the West Indies. He ran away from home when he was seven years old, went to sea as cabin-boy, continued going to and fro in the world and sailing up and down in it until he landed in California and found his way to Alta, where he was in service as a cook when favoring fortune brought him into King's camp. Since his first escape

from home he had heard nothing of his mother. He had learned somehow that she was no longer living in Jamaica; whether dead, or alive elsewhere, he did not know.

Jim's tenure of office soon became permanent, outlasting the service of all the other camp-men. When the field-work had been completed he went with King to Washington as his personal servant and office-man. The Fortieth Parallel Exploration party had working quarters in an otherwise unoccupied and wholly unfurnished house, hired for the purpose. All members of the corps lived elsewhere, excepting King and Jim, who lodged in the house. Some of Jim's colored friends told him that the house was haunted; and their ghost stories, apparently confirmed by strange and, for a time, unexplained noises, in the dead of night, due, in fact, to the drying



of unseasoned wood in the new office-tables and large draughting-boards, which cracked and split with fearfully loud reports, developed in Jim's unscientific mind an extreme susceptibility to spiritualistic manifestations. After some time the party moved to New Haven, occupying another house, where King also lodged in one of the main sleeping-rooms, while Jim's bed was in the attic. One night, King was suddenly aroused from sound sleep by Jim's precipitate descent of the attic stairs and startling entrance into his room, too terrified for speech.

"What's the matter, Jim?" King asked repeatedly, "What's the matter?"

"I've seen my mother!" Jim gasped at length.

"Nonsense!" said King, "You're dreaming, Jim! Go back to bed!"

But Jim protested and refused to

go back to his attic, under any circumstances.

"Did you speak to her?" inquired King.

"No, indeed!" said Jim, "I was too scared to speak."

"Did you touch her?"

"I came down stairs right through her—right through her," he repeated, "as she stood on the stairs."

When Jim had regained his composure sufficiently, he lay down on the floor in King's room and waited for morning.

A few hours later, while King was taking his breakfast, served, as usual, by Jim, a telegram arrived, addressed to King and signed with the name of a colored clergyman in San Francisco, well known to King, stating, in effect, that a certain woman was then in San Francisco, seeking her long-lost son, James Marryatt, who, when last heard from, was known

to be in Mr. King's employ, and asking for any further information concerning him.

To this dispatch an answer was promptly returned, giving the desired information concerning Jim and saying that he would start that evening for San Francisco, to see his mother there.

It so happened that King was then preparing and expecting to go to California within a few days. On receipt of the above-mentioned telegram, he determined to send Jim immediately and to follow in person a little later. He accordingly arrived in San Francisco not many days thereafter and went to his hotel, where Jim was his earliest visitor, bringing his mother with him. As she entered the room and met King face to face, recognizing and greeting him immediately with vigorous expressions of surprise and pleasure, she exclaimed

abruptly: "Well! I declare! And how 's that baby?"

The woman who had cared for King's baby in her cabin at Panama was Jim's mother!

One very notable and highly sensational result of Mr. King's work on the Fortieth Parallel Exploration, and one which gave him much fame both in this country and elsewhere, was his startling discovery of the great swindle in the "salted" diamond fields of Wyoming, late in 1872. Early in that year it had been noised abroad that a great find of diamonds and other precious stones had been discovered somewhere in the far West, presumably in Arizona, although the precise locality was most carefully concealed. A large number of the gems, of unquestionably considerable value, had been carried, it was said, from the alleged fields to San Francisco and New York, where the most

influential capitalists, who had been led to believe the favorable reports thus far presented, had invested large sums of money in the purchase of the ground said to be diamond-bearing, and were preparing for the intended operation of the so-called mines on a large scale, which would soon have caused a rush of fortune-hunters and adventurers comparable to the California immigration in '49 and '50. Through information gained by one or more of his assistants, it suddenly came to Mr. King's knowledge that the locality of the alleged diamond find was not in Arizona, but in Wyoming and really within the region of his own field-work of the Fortieth Parallel survey. Not then suspecting a fraud, but, on the contrary, having good reason to regard as trustworthy the favorable reports of the well-known engineer who, shortly before, had visited the fields

with the leading promoters of the enterprise, King hastened to the designated locality, not with the expectation of unearthing a swindle, but for the purpose of studying the new diamond field, and making his official report on what then seemed to be a discovery of great national importance.

He set out promptly with two or three assistants, and duly reached his destination, following the trail without difficulty from Bridger, a station of the Union Pacific Railroad in Wyoming. He soon found diamonds and rubies in abundance, but his suspicions were quickly aroused by the observation that the plainly visible precious stones lay directly upon the hard surface of rock, where Nature alone could never have placed or left them, and that none could be found in the earth or on the underlying bedrock, where, had the occurrence been

genuine, the inevitable laws of Nature must have carried them; with the further observation that the ant-hills, built of small pebbles mined by the ants, which were found to bear rubies on their surfaces or in penetrating holes (artificially made with a small stick), invariably showed in close proximity the storm-worn footprints of mankind, while other anthills, without such sign of human tracks and not pierced by any artificial holes, were also without rubies or precious stones of any sort. Thorough investigation, following the lines indicated by these suspicions, soon proved beyond any doubt that some designing hand had "salted" the ground with deliberate fraudulent intent.

This disclosure created a great sensation in this country and in Europe, whence evidence was soon forthcoming that the stones used in the salting had been bought in large

quantities at London and Paris during the preceding winter, presumably by the originators of the swindle. The practical result of Mr. King's disclosure of the facts in this case was one of inestimable value, possibly more in money than the whole cost of the entire exploration of the Fortieth Parallel Expedition. Had the fraud remained undisclosed till the following spring, large sums of money would have been wasted in the costly purchase of worthless property and in fruitless prospecting, not only by capitalists, but by thousands of disappointed and ruined fortune-seekers.

The leading and most active, even though wholly innocent, promoter of the diamond-mining enterprise, by no means necessarily a participant in the original swindle, or cognizant of the fraud until disclosed by King, was an old and very well-known Cali-

fornian, one of the earliest gold-seekers, and a lifelong projector and operator of mining schemes, whose name has ever since been more or less intimately associated with this celebrated case of diamond-salting. It is a notably curious coincidence that these two men—Roberts, who helped blow the bubble, and King, at whose touch it vanished—should depart this life on the same day and at nearly the same time, twenty-nine years after the events in which they were thus concerned, and so strangely related. Within two or three hours after King's death in Arizona, Roberts died in New York City. Their names and their death announcements, with obituary notices, stand closely side by side in parallel and adjoining columns of the *Times* newspaper of Wednesday, Christmas morning, 1901.

King, always a delightful companion, was especially so in camp.

Memorabilia

Everybody missed him when he went away and was glad when he came back. If any discontenting grievances, dissensions or difficulties had arisen during King's absence, they all vanished before his genial presence and cheerful spirit as soon as he returned. Many a scanty meal has been made good cheer by his encouraging pleasantries. "What do you want outside of that?" he once said to me, in view of an avowedly meager repast. "Nothing," I replied, with some affectation of contentment, "Nothing — except my jacket." "Good for you" he returned; and seeing that there was really nothing to eat but beans, he added, "Pitch in, my boy, pitch in! Sow the wind! Reap the whirlwind!"

It was his mental habit to touch with playful humor almost any subject, grave or gay, with which he had

to deal. On one occasion, when I had repeatedly written to him, in serious mood, asking for a much-needed remittance of money, he replied, at last, in an otherwise empty but very gracious and amiable letter, briefly explaining why he could not possibly send the desired funds, and subscribing himself, in good faith, " Unremittingly yours, C. K."

Many years ago when King was in the West and near a then very important mine, in which some of his Eastern friends were largely interested, he received from one of these owners a telegram, asking him to visit the mine immediately and wire the results of his examination, especially with regard to an alarming rumor that the value of the vein had been much impaired by finding in it a very large "horse," which is a miner's term for a body of worthless rock that sometimes displaces

the ore and makes a rich vein poor. When King had come out of the mine after inspection he found another telegram waiting for him from his impatient friend, asking in effect, "Is it true that there is a horse in the mine?" to which he promptly replied, "The mine is a perfect livery stable."

A nervous old lady once found him much too obliging when, having entered a crowded railway car, she was about to take the only available vacant seat alongside of King, but, having suddenly spied his gun standing in the corner, she walked the whole length of the car, forth and back, repeatedly, looking for some other seat, and, finding none, returned again to King's place, saying severely, "Young man, is that gun loaded?" to which King instantly replied, with a charming smile, his eye twinkling with merriment at the

thought of the old lady going a-gunning for somebody, "No, ma'am, but I can load it for you in a minute."

On another journey from Newport to New York King happened to enter an ordinary railway car which was wholly vacant except for a single passenger, an elderly lady, a stranger of interesting and companionable appearance, who was sitting quite alone in one of the usual double seats, much hampered with bundles, parcels and a large bird-cage. King, advancing as though the car were full and crowded, paused opposite the seat only partly occupied by the lady, saying, "Madam, is this place engaged?" and on being assured that it was not, with prompt removal of all encumbrances, he took his seat there and thus completed the journey, in doubtless mutually agreeable companionship.

King possessed unlimited capacity for adapting himself with natural facility to every sort of social condition. I remember, somewhat vaguely, a story, in effect, that he was once a visitor at a certain country-house in England when the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, was a guest there. After dinner, while the men were still smoking, the host complained of some indisposition, whereupon the Prince begged him to retire and leave his guests to themselves and their own resources, saying assuringly, "King and I will get on well enough together."

King seemed to have a natural liking for the African race. In earliest infancy his nurse was a colored woman, an old family servant, for whom he ever after cherished a lifelong regard and affectionate sympathy. He had many friends among the negro people and often sought

their companionship when opportunity offered. On one occasion, when he was on a visit in Georgia, during very cold weather, he attended a religious meeting of a colored congregation, assembled in a large barn-like and frigid meeting-house, without any heating facilities whatever, excepting the large hot stones and bowlders which many of the old women brought with them, rolled up in flannel petticoats or other comforting wrappers, that they might sit or place their shivering limbs upon. King took an active part in the proceedings and addressed the meeting. Notwithstanding the bitter cold, which might well have made unquenchable fire an everlasting pleasure, he much enjoyed the fervent spirit of the prayers and hymns and soul-saving exhortations, and he promised the chattering congregation that, as soon as possible, he would buy the biggest

stove he could find in Dahlonega, and send it to them to save their bodies from freezing. This promise was promptly performed and a large four-foot stove, with ample lengths of circumflecting stove-pipe, sufficient to carry warmth to every part of the room, was soon installed in the meeting-house, much to the delight of the worshipers there, who made good use of their benefactor's gift.

Two or three years later King had occasion to revisit the same neighborhood. As he journeyed from the railway station to his destination, a few miles distant, he talked with the driver of the conveyance, a white man, concerning various matters of local interest, and inquired especially about the colored church and whether the stove he had sent, in accordance with his promise, was still doing well. "Are you the man that sent that stove down here?" inquired the

driver somewhat reproachfully. "Doing well!" he continued, "I should say so! There ain't a fence-rail left in this neighborhood within two mile of that meetin'-house."

King's cheerful spirit remained with him to the end. His latest remembered intelligible words were spoken in pleasantry the day before he died, to his doctor, who, having, shortly before, given him a remedy known as "heroin," which, as it sometimes does, caused a temporary wandering of the mind, had said to King in explanation of this result, "I think the heroin must have gone to your head." "Very likely," King replied, "many a heroine has gone to a better head than mine is now."

King possessed an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, from which he drew and has told in print many stories and incidents of his own experiences. Some skeptical hearers or readers

have occasionally thought he "drew the long bow" in these stories, which they also said were too good to be true. King, however, rarely discounted the drafts he drew on the credulity of his audience, just because of their unbelief, although, in one instance, when I had intimated that his story of the slopes of Mount Tyndall might well seem pretty steep to an unimaginative reader, he offered to throw off five degrees for my flat acceptance, or, otherwise, to conduct me personally to the not easily accessible scene of his extraordinary adventure.

With his keen and far-reaching perceptive faculties and vivid imagination, King sometimes perceived things which others might see without perceiving or hear without understanding; and many things, the truth of which has been questioned by the skeptical, were nevertheless true to

him at the time and from his point of view. In his vivifying mind many a commonplace conception became brilliant, as a scrap of iron, dull and lifeless in common air, when immersed in oxygen, becomes a coruscating fire. Such tendencies in thought or speech were only part of the natural, glowing enthusiasm which was often a most potent factor in the accomplishment of his purposes. "If you want to get a man red-hot, you must go at him white-hot," he sometimes said in justification of an apparently excessive zeal.

King has often been called to account by many friends for neglected obligations in unanswered letters, unkept engagements, broken promises and similar offences, concerning which another writer has already said that five minutes of King's personal presence was enough to insure complete forgiveness. One reason why he left

many letters unanswered, at least when in camp, was because he left them unopened, having many other preventing occupations, and he thus unknowingly neglected due response to certain communications which he had not consciously received. Many of his promises and engagements remained unperformed because it was a physical impossibility to keep them. In his friendly and obliging way he recklessly made many conflicting and interfering appointments, which, without the gift of ubiquity, he could not possibly keep. In the long run, however, he usually more than made up for his failures; and it may be truly said that if he could not always be as good as his word, he was almost always, sooner or later, a great deal better. Moreover, he held a somewhat unusual view concerning one's obligation to perform certain promises, especially marriage engagements,

of which, in a somewhat earnest discussion of the matter, he once said, "I would never marry a woman anyhow, *just because I said I would.* That is the poorest possible reason men or women can ever have for marrying each other. People who marry without any better reason than that must surely come to grief."

Although King gained his highest distinction in scientific pursuits, he would undoubtedly have achieved great eminence in any other vocation which he might have chosen. He possessed marvelous intellectual versatility, with great facility in thought and rare felicity in expression. He excelled especially as a critic, both in literature and art, and seemed to be endowed with the gift of genius in the æsthetic faculty. As connoisseur he expended large sums of money in buying objects of art for wealthy friends in America and England. He

spent a modest fortune of his own in pictures, embroideries, bric-à-brac and beautiful things he valued more than the money they cost. He had little use for money except for what he could do or get with it. He could have spent millions wisely and beautifully but never could have hoarded it. "Why do you suppose the streets of Heaven are paved with gold, as some say?" I once asked him. "Just to show how little they think of it there," he replied.

His charming personality, his noble and gentle spirit, his great kindness, generosity and constant friendship, have left a precious memory, which will long be cherished by many of all sorts and conditions of men, both in the very highest and the very humblest walks of life, who will mourn for him sincerely as one upon whose like they may never look again.

"Crossing the Bar"

"And may there be no sadness of farewell

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